

THE PARADISE

of Daintie Deuises.

*Contayning many pithy precepts, learned Coun-
sailes and excellent inuentions: right pleasant and
profitable for al estates.*

Deuised and written for the most parte by
M. Edwardes soetime of her Maiesties Chappell: the rest by
sundry Gentlemen both of Honour and Wor-
ship whose Names hereafter
followe.

Whereunto is added sundry new inuentions
very pleasant and aelightfull.



AT LONDON.

Printed for EDVVAR D VVHITE dwel-
ling at the little North doore of Paules
Church at the signe of the Gun.



 The Names of those who wrote
these Deuises.

{ *Saint Barnard.*

{ *E. O.*

{ *Lord Vaux the elder.*

{ *W. Hunnis.*

} { *Iasper Haywoode.*

} { *F. Kindlemarsh.*

} { *D. Sand.*

} { *M. Yloope.*



The translation of the blessed S. Barnards verses
contayning the vnstable felicitie of this
wauering world.

Cur mūdus militat sub vana gloria, cuius prosperitas est trāsitoria;
Tam cito labitur, eius potentia, quam vasi figuli, quæ sunt fragilia.

VVhy both each state apply it selfe to worldly praise?
And undertake such toyle to heepe vp honoures gaine,
Whose seate though seeming sure, on sickle fortune stales
Whose gifts were neuer prou'd perpetuall to remaine.

But euen as an earthen pottle, with every fillip shales,
So fortunes fauour sits, and fame with honour quales.

(fallacie

Plus crede litteris, scriptis in glacie, quam mundi fragilis, vanæ
Fallax in præmijs, virtutis specie, quæ nunquam habuit, tempus fi-

(ducie

Thinke rather firme to finde, a figure grauen in Ice,
Whose substance subiect is to heate of shining Sunne:
Then hope for stedfast stay in wanton woordes deuice,
Whose fained fond delightes from falshoodes forge do come.
And vnder vertues baile are largely dealt about,
Deceiuing those who thinke their date will neuer out.

(ritatibus

Magis credendum est, viris fallacibus, quam mundi miseris prospe
Falsis infantijs, & voluptatibus, falsisque studiis et vanitatibus.

The trifling truthlesse tongue of rumors lying lippes,
Deserues more trust then doth the high est happy hap:
That world to worldlings giues, for see how honour slips,
To foolish fond conceites, to pleasures poysoned sap.
To studies false in prooffe, to artes appllied to gaine,
To sickle fancies toys, which wisdomẽ deãmeth vaine.

(bilis

Dic vbi Salomon olim tam nobilis, vel vbi Sampson est dux inuinci-
Vel dulcis Ionathas multum amabilis, vel pulcher Absolon vultu

(mirabilis

Where is that sacred king, that Salomon the wise?
Whose wisdomẽ former time of duety did commend;
Where is that Sampson strong that monstrous man in size,
Whose forced arme did ease the mighty pillars bend.

Where is the peerlesse Prince, the friendly Ionathas?
O; Absolon whose shape and sauiour did surpasse?

(dio)
Quo Cæsar abiit celsus imperio, vel diues splendidus, totus in pran-
Dio vbi Tullius clarus eloquio, vel Aristoteles summus ingenio.

Where is that Cæsar now, whose high renowned fame,
Of sundrie conquests wonne throughout the world did sound?

O; Diues rich in store, and rich in richly name,
Whose Chist with gold, and dish with dainties did abound?

Where is the passing grace of Tullies pleading skill?

O; Aristotles vaine, whose pen had wit and will?

O escauermium, ô massa pulueris, ô ros, ô vanitas, cur sic extolleris
Ignoras penitus, vtrum cras vixeris, fac bonum omnibus, quam diu
(poteris)

O soode of filthy worrne, oh lumpe of loathsome clay,
O life full like the dewe which moorning Sunne doth waste.
O shadow vaine, whose shape with Sunne doth shrinke away,
Why glouest thou so much in honour to bee plasht.
With that no certaine howre of life thou dost enioy:
Most fitte it were thy time in goodnesse to imploy.

(gaudia)
Quã breue festum est hæc mundi gloria, vt vmbra hominum sic eius
Quæ sēper subtrahit æterna præmia, & ducūt hominū ad dura deuia

How short a banquet seemes the pompe of high renowne?
How like the senselesse shape of shuering shadowes thin
Are wanton worldly toys? whose pleasure plucketh downe
Our harts from hope, and hands from works which heauen should win
And takes vs from the trode which guides to endlesse gain,
And sets vs in the way, that leades to lasting paine.

(dicitur)
Hæc mundi gloria, quæ magni penditur, sacris in lit- ris, Hos scæni
Vt leui folium quod vento rapitur, sic vita hominū, hac vita tollitur

The pompe of worldly praise, which worldlings hold so deere
In holp sacred booke, is likened to a flower

Whose date doth not containe, a weeke a month a yere,
But springing now, doth fade againe within an howre,
And as the lightest lease, with wind about is throwne,
So light is the life of man, and lightly hence is blowne.

Finis. My luck is losse

I. Our

of daintie Detulles.

1. Our pleasures are but vanities.

BEhold the blast, which blowest be blossomes from the tree,
The end whereof, consumes and comes to nought wee see:
Ere thou the: efore be blowne from life that may not last,
Begin for grace to call, for time mispent and past.

Haue minde on brittle life, whose pleasures are but vaine,
On death likewise bethinke, how thou shalt not remaine:
And feare the Lord to greeue, which sought thy soule to saue,
To sinne no more bee bent, but mercy aske and haue.

For death who doth not spare, the Kinges on earth to kill,
Shall reape also from thee, thy pleasure, life and will.
That life which yet remaines, and in thy breast appears,
Hath sowne in thee such seedes, you ought to weede with teares.

And life that shall succede, when death is weyne and past,
Shall spring for euer then in ioy or paine to last.
Where death on life, hath power ye see, that life also
Hath mowne the fruites of death, which euermore shall grow.

Finis.

W. Hunnis

2. Who waiteth on this wauering world, and vieweth each estate,
By triall taught, shall learne it best, to liue in simple rate.

AS for the bale the tender Shrub is hid from all mishap,
When taller trees that standes aloft, is rent with thunder clap,
The Turrets tops which touch the cloudes, are beat with euer blast,
Some shinered are their stones with stone and quickly ouer-cast
Best bodied tree in all the Wood for timber beame is found,
And to the Are the sturdiest Oake, doth yeelde and fall to ground.
The highest hill doth soonest fill, the flash of lightnings flame,
And soone decays the pemie and pryde, of high renoumed name.
Of ail the Beard the Huntsman seekes, by prooffe as doth appeare,
With double forked Arrow head, to wound the greatest Deere,
The haughtiest head of all the Droue, except the shoytest life,
And flames the slaughter house with blood, at pyck of Butchers knife.
Thus what thing highest place attaines is soonest ouerthrowne,
What euer Fortune sets aloft, she threats to throw it downe.
And though no force resist the power, and seekes thee to confound,

The Paradise.

Yet both the praise of weighty things, decline it selfe to ground,
 For restless tide of rowlinge wheele, example hath it trid.
 No heauie burden yeld it must, full soone and slip aside.
 What bailes the rich his bed of Downe, the sighs for sleeplese thought
 What time in couch of flocke, the poore sleeps sound and feareth nought,
 At homely boorde his quiete soode, his drinks in trane be tane,
 When oft the proude in cups of gold, with wine receaue their bane,
 The bed, the boorde, they dreade in doubt, with traine to be oppress,
 The fortune crowns, their power must yeld, as wiew vnto the west.
 Who so thou be that sits aloofe, and treads the ballopes path,
 Thou needs not feare the thunder bolts, of mightie Ioue his wrath.
 If Icarus had not presumd, too high to take his flight,
 He had not yet bene drownd in Seas, that now Icarion hight.
 If Phaeton had not enterprised, to guide his Fathers seate,
 His fiends had not enflamed the world, nor bene destroyed with heate.
 But who so climes aboue the meane, there is no hope of stay,
 The higher, by the sooner downe, and nearer his decaye.
 When you that here in pompe are plast, to giue the golden Race,
 Let Crowne and Scepter both obay, the meane of vertues race.
 For neither shall renowned vertue, see the pit of hell,
 Nor yet in tombe of Marble Stone, shee shall abide to dwell.
 And in that tombe full brauely deckt, when that shee shall depart,
 God send her rest and all things well, according to desert.
 But from the Sepulcher flies shee hence, beyond the skies aboue,
 And glittering in the blisfull starres, shee reignes with mighty Ioue.

Finis.

Iasper Haywod.

3. The perfect triall of a friend.

Not stayed state, but feeble stay, not costly robe, but bare aray, (scāt
 Not passed wealth, but present want, not heaped store, but slender
 Not plenties purse, but poore estate, not happy hap, but froward fate.
 Not wish at will, but want of toy, not harts good health, but harts annoy.
 Not freedoms vse, but prisoners thrall, not costly seate, but lowest fall.
 Not weale I meane, but wretched woe, doth truly try the friend frō foe.
 And nought but froward fortune proues, who sawning faines, or simply loues.

Finis.

M. Yloop.

ply loues.

4. Being asked the occasion of his white head, he answered thus.

Vhere sighing sighs, and so; rowl sobs,
 Hath laine the slips that nature set:

And

of daintie Deuises.

And scolding showers, with stony throbs,
The kindly sap from them hath fet.
What wonder then though that you see
Upon my head white haire to bee.

Where thought hath thild and thron his spears
To hurt the heart that harm'th him not:
And groaning grieve hath groand forth teares.
Pine eyes to staine my face with spot,
What wonder then though that you see
Upon my head white haire to bee.

When pinching paine himselfe hath platt,
There peace with pleasure were posselt:
And where the walles of wealth lay wast,
And pouerty in them is prest.
What wonder then though that you see,
Upon my head white haire to bee.

Where wretched woe will weane hir web,
Where Care the clew will catch and cast,
And floods of ioy are fallen to ebbe,
So low, that life may not long last.
What wonder then though that you see,
Upon my head white haire to bee.

These haire of age are messengers,
Which bid me fast, repent, and pray,
They bee of death the Harbengers,
That dooth prepare and dresse the way.
Wherefore I ioy that you may see,
Upon my head such haire to bee.

They bee the lines that leade the length,
How farre my race is so to runne:
They say my youth is fled with strength,
And how old age is weake begonne.
The which I feele and you may see,
Upon my head such lines to bee.

They

The Paradise.

They be the strings of secret sord,
Whose musike is hermonically,
There tunes declare a time, from ground
I came, and how thereto I shall.

Wherefore I loy that you may see,
Upon my head such strings to bee.

God graunt all those that whete haire haue,
No worse them take then I haue meant,
That after they be layd in grane,
There soules may loy there liues well spent,
God graunte likewise that you may see,
Upon your head such haire to bee.

FINIS.

W. H

5. Beware of had I wist.

Beware of had I wist, whose fine byings care and smarte:
Best come of ali as they deserue, and deeme as deemd thou art.
So shall thy perfect friend, en loy his hoped hire,
And faithlesse saluering foe shall misse, the effect of his desire.
Good will shall haue his gaine, and hate shall heape dispyght,
A faithlesse friend shall find distrust, and loue shall reape delight,
Thy selfe shall rest in peace, thy friend shall loy thy fate,
Thy foes shall fret at thy good hap, and I shall loy thy state.
But this my sond aduice, may seeme perchaunce but vaine,
As rather teachinge how to loose, then how a friend to gaine.
But this not my intente, to teach to finde a friend,
But safely how to loue and liue, is all that I intend:
And if you proue in parte and find my counsell true,
Then wish me well for my good will, tis all I crane: adue.

FINIS.

My lucke is losse.

6. M. Edwards May.

Vhen May is in his prime: then may each harte reioyce,
The May bedecks each brach with greene, each bird strains.
The lively sape creeps vp, into the blooming thorne, (forth his voice
The flowers with cold in prison kept, now laughs the frost to scoyne
All Natures Jmps triumphs whiles loyfull May doth last,
When May is gone, of all the yeere the pleasant time is past.

May

of Daintie Deuises.

May makes the cherefull hue, May breeds and brings new blood,
 May marcheth throughout euery lim, May makes the merry moode,
 May pricketh tender bars, their warbling notes to tune:
 Full strange it is, yet some we see, do make their May in Time.
 Thus things are strangely wrought, whilst ioyfull May doth last,
 Take May in time, when May is gone, the pleasant time is past.

All ye that liue on earth, and haue your May at will,
 Reioyce in May as I do now, and vse your May with skill:
 Use May while that you may, for May hath but his time,
 When all the fruit is gone, it is too late the tree to cline.
 Your liking and your lust is fresh, while May doth last,
 When May is gone, of all the yeare, the pleasant time is past.
 FINIS. M. Edwardes.

7. Faire wordes make fooles faine.

I A youtfull yeares, when first my young desires began,
 To picke me forth to serue in Court, a slender tall young man,
 My fathers blessing then I asked vpon my knee:
 Who blessing me with trembling hand, these wordes gan say to me.
 My sonne God guide thy way, and shield thee from mischance,
 And make thy lust deserts in Court, thy poore estate t' aduance.
 Yet when thou art become, one of the courtly traine:
 I binke on this prouerbe olde (quod he) that faire wordes make fooles
 (faine.

This comsaile grauelle giuen, most strange appears to me:
 Till tract of time with open eyes, had made me plainly see.
 What subtle sleights are wrought, by painted tales deuise,
 When hollow heartes with friendly shewes, the simple do entise:
 To thinke all golde that shines, to feed their fond desires:
 Whose shiuering celd is warme with smoake, in stead of flaming fire:
 With talk of tickle trust, doth breeds a hope most vaine:
 This prouerbe true by ppoofe I finde, that faire wordes make fooles
 (faine

Faire speech alway doth well, where deedes ensue faire wordes,
 Faire speech alway againe doth euill, that busshes giue for birds,
 Who hopes to haue faire wordes, to trie his luckie lot:
 If I may comsaile, let him strike it whyles the yron is hote.

The Paradise

But them that seeke on cloddes, in stead of pleasant grapes,
 And after warning often giuen, for better lucke still gapes,
 Full loath I am, yet must I tell them in wordes plaine: (faine
 This proverbe olde proves true in them, that faire wordes make fooles

Woe worth the time that wordes so slowly turne to deedes,
 Woe worth the time that faire sweet flowers are growne to rotten
 But this woe worth the time that truth alway is fled, (werdes,
 Wherein I see how simple hearts with wordes are vainely fed,
 Trust not faire wordes therefore, where no deedes do ensue,
 Trust wordes as skillfull Faulkniers doe trust Hawkes that neuer flue,
 Trust deedes, let wordes be wordes, which neuer wrought me gaine,
 Let my experience make you wise,, and let wordes make fooles faine.

Finis.

M. Edwardes.

in his extreame sicknesse.

What grieues my bones, & makes my body faint?
 What pricks my flesh, & teares my head in twain
 Why doe I wake, when rest should me attaint?
 When others laugh, why doe I lye in paine?
 I tosse, I turne, I change from side to side,
 And stretch me oft, in sorrowes linkes betide.

I tosse, as one betost in waues of care,
 I turne to flie the woes of loathsome life:
 I change, to spee, if death this corpes might spare,
 I stretch to heauen, to rid me of this strife:
 Thus do I stretch, and change, & tosse and turne:
 While I in hope of heauen, my life do burne.

Then hold thee still, let be thy beauntesse:
 Abolish care, forget thy pining woe:
 For by this meanes soone shalt thou find redressse,
 When oft betost, hence thou to heauen must goe.
 Then tosse and turne, and tumble franke and free,
 Ohappy thisse, when thou in heauen shalt be.

Finis.

L. Vaux.

9. For

of daintie Deuises.

9 For Christmas day.

Reioyce, reioyce, with hart and voice,
In Christes birth this day reioice.

From Virgins wombe this day did spring,
The pretious seed that onely saued man:
This day let man reioyce, and sweetely sing:
Since on this day, saluation first began.

This day did Christ mans soule from death remoue,
With glorious Saintes, to dwell in heauen aboue.

This day to man came pledge of perfect peace,
This day to man came loue and unitie.
This day mans griefe began for to surcease.
This day did man receiue a remedie:
For each offence and euery deadly sinne,
With guiltie hart that erst he wandred in.

In Christes flocke let loue be surely plasse,
From Christes flocke, let conoord hate expell:
Of Christes flocke let loue be so embasse,
As we in Christ, and Christ in vs may dwell.
Christ is the authoz of unitie,
From whence proceedeth all felicity.

Sing vnto this glittering King,
O praise his name, let euery liuing thing:
Let heart and voice, like Bels of siluer ring:
The comfort that this day did bring.
Let Lute, let Shalme, with sound of swete delight,
The joy of Christes birth this day resight.

Finis.

F.K.

10. For Easter day.

Al moztall men this day reioyce, in Christ that you redeemed hath
By death with death, sing we with voice, to him that hath ap-
peard Gods wrath,
Due vnto man for sinnefull path, wherein befoze he went astray:
Giue thanks to him with perfect faith, that for mankind hath made this
glorious day.

The Paradise

This day he rose fro tomb again, wherein his precious corps was laide;
Whom cruelly the Iewes had slain with bloody wounds full ill araid,
O man be now no more dismayd, if thou henceforth from sin do stay,
Of death thou needst not be afraid, Christ conquered death for
this his glorious day.

His death preuailed had no toht, as Paul th Apostle wel doth write,
Except he had byraised it, from death to life by God like might.
With most triumphant glittering light.

This day his glorie shined I say, and made vs bright as Sunne,
this glorious day.

O man arise with Christ therefore, since he from sin hath made thee free
Beware thou fall in sinne no more, but rise as Christ did rise for thee.
So maiest thou him in gloxe see. When he at day of doome shall say
Come thou my child, and dwell with me, God grant vs all to see
that glorious day.

FINIS. Iasper Haywood.

11. For Whitsonday.

Come holy Ghost eternall God, and cease the wofull grieve.
That through the heapes of heauie sinne, can no where find reliefe.
Do thou O God redresse,
The great distresse,
Of sinfull heauinesse,

Come comfort the afflicted thoughtes of my constrained hart;
O rid the pearcing paines of my tormenting smart.
O holy Ghost graunt me,
That I by thee,
From sinne may purged be.

Thou art my God so thee alone, I will commend my cause.
Nor glittering gold nor pretious stones shall make me leave thy lawes
O teach me then the way,
Wherby I may,
Take thee my onely stay.

My lips, my tongue, my hart, and all shall spread thy mighty name,
My voice shall neuer cease to sound, the praises of the same.
Pea euery living thing,
Shall sweetely sing:
To thee (O heauenly King.)

Finis. F.K.

12. No

of Daintie Deuises

12. No pleasure without paine.

Sweete were the ioyes, that both might lacke and last,
Strange were the state, exempt from all distresse,
Happy the life, that no mishap should taste,
Blessed the chaunce, might neuer change successe:
Where such a life to leade, or state to prone,
Would not wish that such a life were loue.

But **O** the solitarie sauce of sweete blurie,
When pleasures flie, and flie with wast of wind:
The trustles traines, that hoping hearts allure,
When sweet delights, do but allure the minde,
When care consumes, and wastes the wretched wight,
While fancy feedes and draws of her delight,

What life were loue, if loue were free from paine.
But **O** that paine with pleasure matcht should meet:
Why did the course of nature so ordaine,
That sugred sorowe must sauce the bitter sweete?
Which sorowe from sweet might any meanes remoue,
What hap, what heauen, what life were like to loue.
Finis. W. Hunnis

13. Who mindes to bring his ship to happy shore,
Must care to know the lawes of wisedomes lore.

My friend if thou wilt credite me in ought,
To whome the truth by triall well appeares,
Naught worth is wist, till it be dearely bought,
There is no wisedome but in hoarie haire,
Yet if I may of wisedome sought desire,
As well as others haue of happines,
Then to my words my friend thy eare encline,
The thinges that make thee wise are these I gesse.

Fear: God, and know thy selfe in each degree,
Be friend to all, familiar but to few:
Too light of credite see thou neuer be,
For triall oft in trust doth treason shew,
To others faults cast not too much thy eyes,

Accuse

The Paradile

Accuse no man of guilt, amend thine owne,
Of meddling much both mischief oft arise,
And oft debate by tickling tongue is solone.

What thing thou wilt haue hid to none declare,
In word or deed beware of had I wist:
So spend thy good, that some thou euer spare,
For friendes like Hawkes do soare from emptie fist,
Cut out thy coate according to thy cloath,
Suspected persons see thou alwayes flee:
Beloue not him that once hath broke his troath,
Nor yet of gift without desert be free.

Time quickly slips, beware how thou it spend:
Of wanton youth repents a painefull age,
Begin nothing without an eye to th'end,
Nor bow thine eare from counsaile of the sage,
If thou too farre let out thy fancy slip,
And witlesse will from reasons rule out start,
Thy folly shall at length be made thy wisip,
And soze the stripes of shame shall cause thee smart.

To do too much for old men is but lost,
Of friendship had to women comes like gaine:
Bestow not thou on children too much cost,
For what thou doest for these, is all in vaine.
The old man ere he can requite, he dies,
Unconstant is the womans wauering mind:
Full soone the boy thy friendship will despise,
And him for loue thou shalt ingratefull finde.

The aged man is like the barren ground,
The woman like the ræde that waggeth with the wind,
There may no trust in tender peares be found,
And of the thre, the boy is most unkind:
If thou haue found a faithfull friend indeed,
Beware thou loose not loue of such a one:
He shall sometime stand thee in better steele:
Then treasure great, of gold or pretious stone.

Finis.

Iesper Haywood. 14 Of

of Dainrie Deuises.

14. Of the vnconstant time of Fortunes gifts.

If Fortune be thy stay, thy state is very tickle,
She beares a double face, disguised false and fickle.
This day she seemes to smile, to morrow will she frowne:
What now she sets aloft, anon she throweth downe.
Flee Fortune, flee deceite, let vertue be thy guide:
If that thou dos intend, in happie state to abide.

Upon the settled rocke, thy building surest stands:
Away it quickly weares, that resteth on the sands.
Dame vertue is the rocke, that yeldes assured stay:
Dame fortune is the sand, that scowzeth soone away,
Choose that is certaine, let thinges uncertaine passe,
Prefer the precious golde, befoze the byttle glasse,

She fortune hath her sleighes, she plaies vpon the packe,
Looke whom she fauors most, at length she turns to wack:
But vertue simply deales, she shuns deceitfull traine:
Who is by vertue raised vp, shall neuer fall againe.
Sticke fast to vertue then, that giues assured trust,
And flee from fortunes freckes, that euer proue vniust.

Finis. F. K.

15. Promise is debt.

In my account the promise that is vowed,
Among the good is holden such a debt:
As he is thought no whit to be allowed,
That setteth light his promise to forget,
And for my part I will not linke in loue,
With fickle folke, whose fancies oft remoue.

My happy gaine I do esteeme for such,
As few haue found in these our doubtfull dayes:
To find a friend I thinke it be as much,
As to win a sort full fraught of noble praise,
Of all the goods that there may be possesst,
A faithfull friend I iudge to be the best.

Of friendly leagues although too late begunne:
Yet time shall trie our troth as well emploide:

And

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And that we both shall see what we have done,
Such fastned faith as cannot be destroyed,
By envious rage, or slanderous bitter blow,
That alwayes seeks the good to overthrow.
FINIS. R. Hil.

19. No wordes but deedes.

The wrong is greater paine above my power,
That yeelds such care in doubtful dews to drowne,
Such hap is hard where Fortune doth so lower,
As freindly looke is turnd to froward frowne.
As this the trust that faithfull friends can finde,
With those that yet haue promise broke:
By deedes in doubt as though no wordes can blind,
A vowed freend to hold him to his poken?

O faithlesse friend, what can assure your minde,
That doubts so soone, before you haue cause why
To what hard hap both Fortune here me bind,
When words no deedes, can no where satisfie?
What can I write, that hath not oft bene said?
What haue I said that hath not bene affirmed?
What not approued that oft to be assayed?
O what is vowed that shall not be performed?

Cast off mistrust, in hast no credite giue,
To this or that, that breedeth freendes wrecch:
No doubt at all, but trust me if I liue,
My deedes shall proue, that all is for the best.
And this believe, the sea shall cease to flow,
The Sunne to shine within the settled shie,
All things on earth shall leaue to spring and grow,
Yea euery fowle shall want his wings to flie,

Ere I in thought shall seeme once to retire,
If you my friend remains as I desire:
Now loose no time, but doe that while you may,
Forget not this, a dogge shall haue a day,

Finis. R. L.

Dee

of daintie Deuiles.

17. He desireth exchange of life.

The day delayed, of that I most do wish.
Wherewith I feede, and serue in one degree:
With wish and want, still serued in one dish:
Aline as dead, by p[ro]ofe as you may see.
To whom of old, this p[ro]uerbe well it serues,
While grasse yoth grow, the silly horse he sterues.

Twene these extreames, thus do I runne the race,
Of my pooze life, this certainly I know:
Twene would and want, vnwarily that doth passe,
More swift then shot out of the Archers bow.
As Spider drawes her line all day,
I watch the net, and others haue the pray.

And as by p[ro]ofe the greedy dog both gnaw,
The bared bone all onely for the taste:
So to and fro this loathsome life I draw,
With fancies sozt, and fed with vaine repast.
Narcissus brought vnto the water bynke,
So aye thirst I, the more that I do drinke.

Loe thus I die and yet I seeme not sicke:
With smart vnseene my selfe, my selfe I weare:
With p[ro]ne desire, and power that is not quicke,
With hope aloft, now drenched in dispaire,
Trained in trust, for no reward assignde,
The more I hast, the more I come behinde.

With hurt to heale in frozen Ice to fry,
With holes to laugh, this is a wondrous case:
Fast fettered here, is sozt a way to flie,
As hunted Hare, that Hound hath in the chase,
With winges and spurres for all the hast to make,
As like to loose, as for to draw the stake.

The dayes be long that hang vpon desert:
The life is irke, of ioyes that be delayed:
The time is short, for to requite the smart.

THE PARADISE

That both proceede of promise long vnpaid,
That to the last of this my fainting breath,
I wish exchange of life, for happy death.

FINIS.

L. Vaux.

18 Of the vnstability of youth.

VVhen I looke backe, and in my selfe behold,
The wauering wayes, that youth could not de-
And marke the fearefull course that youth did hold: (scrip.
And met in mind, each step youth strayed awry.
My knees I bow, and from my hart I call,
O Lord forget these faults, and follies all.

For now I see how void youth is of skill,
I see also his prime time and his end:
I do confesse my faults, and all my ill,
And for ow soze for that I did offend,
And with a mind repentant of all crimes,
Pardon I aske for youth ten thousand times.

The humble hart hath daunted the proud mind,
The wisdome hath giuen ignorance a fall:
And wit hath taught that folly could not finde,
And age hath youth her subiect and her thrall:
Therefore I pray, O Lord of life and truth,
Pardon the faults committed in my youth.

Thou that didst grant the wise King his request:
Thou that in the Whale the Prophet didst preserue,
Thou that forgauest the wounding of thy breast,
Thou that didst saue the theefe in state to sterue.
Thou onely God the giuer of all grace,
Wipe out of mind the path of youtnes vaine race.

Thou that to life by power didst raise the dead,
Thou that restordest the blind to perfect sight:
Thou that for loue, thy selfe and loue out bleed:
Thou that of fauour madest the lame goe right,
Thou that canst heale and helpe in all affayres,
Forgiue the guilt that grew in youtnes vaine waies.
And

of Daintie Deuises

And now since I with faith and doubtlesse mind,
Doe flie to thee by prayer to appease thy ire:
And since that thee I onely seeke to finde,
And hope by faith to attaine my iust desire.

Lord mind no more yonkes erroz and vnskill,
And able age to doe thy holy will.

FINIS.

L. Vaux.

19. Most happy in that state alone,
Where wordes and deedes agree in one.

Be painted wordes the silly simple man,
No trustlesse trap is trained now and than,
And by conceite of sweete alluring tale,
He bites the baits that breedes his bitter bale.
To beauties blaze cast not thy routing eye,
In pleasant greene do stinging Serpents lie.
The golden Will hath but a bitter taste.
In glittering glasse, a popson rankest plasse.
So pleasant wordes without performing deedes,
May well be deem'de to spring of darnell seedes.
The friendly deed is it that quickly tries,
Where trustie faith and friendly meaning lies:
That state therefore, most happy seemes to be,
Where wordes and deedes most faithfully agree.

My friend if thou wilt keepe thy honest name,
Flie from the blot of barking slaunders blame.
Let not in word thy promise be more large,
Then thou in deede art willing to discharge,
Abhorred is that false dissembling broode,
That seems to beare two faces in one hooe.
To say a thing and not to meane the same.
Will turne at length to losse of thy good name:
Wherefore my friend let double dealing go,
In stead whereof let perfect plainenesse flow.
Do thou no more in idle wordes exceede,
Then thou intends to do in very deed.

So good report shall spread thy worthy praise,
For being iust in word and deed alwayes.

THE PARABLE

Not worldly wights, that worldly doers are,
 Besore you let your word slip out too farre,
 Consider well what inconueniēce springes,
 By breach of promise made in lawfull thinges.
 First, God mislikes where such deceite doth swarme,
 Next, it reboundeth to thy neighbours harme:
 And last of all, which is not least of all,
 For such offence thy conscience suffer shall.
 As barren grounds, bying forth but rotten weedes,
 From barren words so fruitlesse chaffe proceedes:
 As sauorie flowers doe spring in fertile ground:
 So trustie friendes by triall soone are found.

To shunne therfore the worst that may ensue,

Let deeds alwayes approue thy sayings true. Finis. F. K.

20 Who will aspire to dignity, by learning must adnanced be.

The pooe that liue in neede rate, by learning do great riches gaine:
 The rich that liue in earthy state, by learning do their wealth
 Thus rich and poore are furthered still: (maintaine.
 By sacred rules of learned skill.

All fond conceits of frantick youth, the golden gift of learning stapes,
 Of doubtfull thinges to search the truth, learning sets forth the ready
 Oh happy him do I repute, (wayes.
 Whose breast is fraught with learnings fruit.

There growes no corne within the field, that ore and plow did neuer till
 Right so the mind no fruit can yeeld, that is not led by learnings skill.
 Of ignorance comes rotten weedes,
 Of learning springes right noble deedes.

Like as the Captaine hath respect to traine his souldiers in aray,
 So learning doth mans mind direct, by vertues stalle his life to stay.
 Though friendes and fortune wareth skant,
 Yet learned men shall neuer want.

(ned thinges,

You impes therfore in youth be sure, to fraught your minds with lear-
 For learning is the fountaine pure, out from the which al glozy springes
 Who so therfore will glozy winne,
 His learning first must needes begin.

Finis. E. K.

21. Mans.

of Daintie Deuiles.

21 Mans fleeting life finds surest stay,
Where sacred vertue beareth sway.

The sturdy rocke for al his strength, by raging seas is rent in twaine
The marble stone is pearst at length, with little drops of dissolving
The ore doth yeeld vnto the poke, (raine.
The Steele obeyeth the hammer stroke.

The stately Stag that seemes so stout, by palping hounds at bay is set,
The swiftest bird that flies about, is caught at length in Fowlers net.
The greatest fish in deepest brooke,
Is soone deceiued by subtle hooke.

Pea man himselfe vnto whose will, all thinges are bounden to obey:
For all his wit and worthy skil, doth fade at length and fall away.
There is nothing but time doth waste,
The heauens, the earth, consume at last,

But vertue sits triumphing still, vpon the throne of glorious fame,
Though spitefull death mans body kill, yet hurts he not his vertuous
By life or death what so betides: (name,
The state of vertue neuer slides.

FINIS.

M. T.

22 Nothing is comparable to a faithfull friend.

Sith this but time of friendship is so scant:
Sith friendship now in euery place doth want:
Sith euery man of friendship is so hollow,
As no man rightly knowes which way to follow.
Cease not my Muse, cease not in these our dayes,
To ring loude peales of sacred friendships prayse.

If men be now their owne peculiar friendes,
And to their neighbors friendship none pretends:
If men of friendship shew themselves so bare:
And of their brethren take no friendly care.
Forbeare not then my Muse, nor feare not then,
To ring dispraise, of these vnfriendly men.

Did man in friendship know the mighty power,
How great effects it worketh euery hower:

The Paradise

What force of hidden friendship it retaines,
How still it powreth forth abundant gaines:
Oan would with thee my Muse in these our dayes,
Ring out lowde peales of sacred friendships praise.

Friendship relceueth mans necessitie,
Friendship comforteth mans aduersitie.
Friendship augmenteth mans prosperity,
Friendshippe preferres man to felicity.
Then ring my Muse, ring out in these our dayes,
Ring out loude peales, of sacred friendships praise.

Of friendship commeth loue and charity,
By friendship men are linckt in amity:
From friendship springeth all commodity,
The fruit of friendship is fidelitie,
Oh ring my Muse, ring out in these our dayes,
Peale vpon peale, of sacred friendships praise.

That man with man true friendship may embrace:
That man to man may shew a friendly face,
That euery man may sow such friendly seedes,
As friendship may bee found in friendly deedes,
And toy with thee my Muse in these our dayes,
To ring loud peales of sacred friendships prayse.

Finis. F. Kindlemarsh.

23. Golden precepts.

Perhaps you thinke me bold, that dare presume to teach,
As one that runnes beyond his race, and rowes beyond his reach.
Sometime the blinde doe goe, where perfect lightes do fall,
The simple may sometimes instruct, the wisest heades of all.

If needefull notes I giue, that vnto vertue tend
We thinke you should of right bouchsafe your listening eares to lend:
A whetstone cannot cut, yet sharpes it well we see,
And I though blunt, may whet your wit, if you attentive be.

First these among the rest, I wish you warily heed,
That God be seru'd, your prince obeyed, & friends relieu'd at neede.
Then

of Daintie Deuises.

Then looke to honest thurst, both what and how to haue,
At night examine so the day, that bed be thought a graue.

Seeke not for others goods, be lust in word and dede,
For got with shifts are spent with shame, beleue this as thy crede.
Boast not of natures gifts, nor yet of parents name,
For vertue is the onely meane to winne a worthy fame.

Ere thou dost promise make, consider well the end:
But promise past be sure thou keepe, both with thy foe and friend:
Threat not reuenge too much, it shewes a Trauers kind:
But to preuaile and then forgine, declares a noble mind.

Forget no friendships debt, wish to requite at least,
For God and man, yea all the world, condemnes the bngateful beast.
Beare not a friendly face, with hart of Judas kisse,
It shewes a base and vile conceite, and not where valour is.

Flie from a fawning flurt, and from a coggng mate:
Their loue breeds losse, their praise reproch, their friendship breeds
Seeke not to lose by wiles, that law and dutie bindes: (but hate:
They be but helpes of Bankrouces heades, and not of honest mindes

The motions of the flesh, and cholers heate restraine,
For heapes of armes do dayly hap, where lust or rage doth raigne,
In diet, dede and wordes, a modest meane is best,
Enough sufficeth for a feast, but riot findes no rest.

And so to make an end, let this be borne away,
That vertue alwayes be thy guide, so shalt thou neuer stray.
Finis. A, Bourcher,

24. In prayse of the Snaile.

The deepe turmoiled wight, that liues deuoid of ease,
Whose wayward wits are often found more wauering then the
Seeks sweeter repose abroad, and takes delight to roame, (seas,
Where reason leaues the snaile for rule, to keepe a quiet home.

Leape not before you looke, least harme thy hope assaile
Haste hauock makes in hurtfull wise, wherefoze beslow as Snaile,
Refraine

The Paradise

Refraine from rash attempt, let take heed be thy skill,
Let wisdome bryde bryne-sicke wit, and leysure worke thy will.

Dame reason bids I say, in thinges of doubt be slacke,
Least rashnes purchase the wrong, that wisdom willes vs lacke:
By rashnes diuers haue beene deadely ouercome.
By kindly creeping on like snail, Duke Fabc his fame hath wonne.

Though Fame as swift as Hawkes can stoope to euery fall,
Yet I refuse such sodaine flight, and will seeme slow as snail.
Wherefore my pretty Snail, be still and lay thee warme,
Haue enuious fets, manger their fumes, there's few shall do thee
(harne.

Because in some respect, thou holds me to be wise,
I place thee for a President, and signe before mine eyes,
Was neuer any yet, that harne in thee could find,
Dare auow that euer snail, wrought hurt to humaine kind.

I know dame Physicke doth, thy friendly helpe imploze,
And craues the salue from thee ensues, to cure the crazed soze:
With Physicke then allowes the vertues in degree,
In spight of spight I weare thee still, that well contenteth me.

FINIS.

31. Remember the end.

To be as wise as Cato was, or rich as Cressus in his life,
To haue the strength of Hercules, which did subdue by force or
What helpeth it when death doth call, (Arise,
The happy end exceedeth all.

The rich may wel the pooze relieue, the rulers may redresse ech wrong
The learned may good counsaile giue, but mark the end of this my song.
Who doth these thinges happy they call:
Their happy end exceedeth all.

The happiest end in these our dayes, that all do seeke both small & great,
Is eyther for fame, or else for praise, or who may sit in highest seat.
But of these things, hap what hap shall,
The happy end exceedeth all.

A good

of Daintie deuises.

A good beginning oft wee see, but selborne standing at one stay,
For few do like the meane degree, then praise at parting some men say
To things whereto each wight is th; all,
The happy end exceedeth all.

The meane estate, the happy life, which liueth vnder gouernance.
Who seeks no hate nor breeds no strife, but takes in worth his happy
If contentation him befall, (chance,
His happy end exceedeth all.

The longer life that we desire, the more offence both dayly grow,
The greater paine it doth require, except the iudge some mercy shew.
Wherefore I thinke and euer shall,
The happy end exceedeth all.

FINIS.

D. S.

24 He perswadeth his freendes from the fond affects of loue.
Why art thou bound & maist go free, shal reason yeeld to raging will,
As th; aldomelike to libertie: wilt thou exchange thy good for ill.
Then shalt thou learne a childish play, & of each part to tast & proue,
The lookers on shall iudge and say, loe this is he that liues by lone.

(rest,

Thy witte with thoughts shal stand at stay thy head shal haue but heuy
thy eyes shal watch for wanton prates, thy tūg shal shoth; harts request
Thy ears shal heare a thousand noise, thy hand shal put thy pen to paine
And in the end thou shalt dispraise, the life so spent for such small gaine.

If lone and list might ever cope, or youth might runne in reasons race
Or if strong sure might twin sure hope, I wold les blame a louers case.
For lone is hote with great desire, & sweet del;ght makes youth so fōd,
That little sparks wil proue great fire, & bying free hart to endles bōd.

(found

First count thy care & then thy cost, and marke what fraud in faith is
The after come & make thy boast, & shew som cause why thou art bound
For when the wine both run ful low, you shal be faine to drinke the lees
And eate y^e flesh ful wel I know, y^e hath been blown with many flies.

We see where great deuotion is the people kneele and kisse the crosse,
And though we find smal fault of this, yet some wil gilt a bydeles boſse

The Paradise.

A soole his bable will not change, not for the scepter of a king,
A louers life is nothing strange, for youth delights no other thing.
Finis. Tho. Churchyard.

27. Wanting his desire, he complaineth.

The sailing ships with top at length, do touch their long desired port
The heaving are the she doth wait, & bating cano breakes y^e sort
Hard hagerd halinks creep to the lure, wild colts in time y^e sole tames
There is nothing so out of vze, but to his kind long time it frames:
Yet this I finde in time, no time can win my sute,
Though oft the tree I clime, I cannot catch the fruit.

And yet the pleasant branches oft, in yeelding toile to me they bow,
When I would touch they spring, soon are they gone, I twot not how.
Thus I present the fleeting flood, the Tantalus in hell below,
Would God my case thee understood, that can full soon releue my woe
Which if to her were knowne, the fruite were surely mine,
She would not let me grone, and brouse vpon the rine.

But if my ship with tackle forne, with rented sailles must needs retire,
And stream & wind haue plainly swozn, by soyce to hinder my desire.
Like one that strikes vpo the rocks, my weary wjack I must bewaile
And learn to know falie fortunes mocks, who smiles on me to small
Yet sith she onely can my rented styppe restore, (auails,
To help her wjacked man but once I seeke no more.

Finis.

M. Edwardes.

28. Trie before thou trust.

If friendes are found a heape of doubts, that double dealing vse,
A swarme of such I could find out, whose craft I can accuse,
A face for loue, a hart for hate, these fained friendes can beare,
A tong for troth, a head for willes, to hurt each simple care.
In humble port, in poison part, that plainnesse cannot spe,
Which credites all and cannot see where stinging serpents lie.
Thron thasse trust the harmelesse hart is easily hampped in,
And made belie ue it is good gold, when it is leat and rine.
The first deceit that bleeres mine eyes, is fained faith profess;
The second trap is grating talke that gripes each strangers brest:
The thurd deceit is greeting words, with colours painted out,
Which bids suspect to feare no smart, nor dread no dangers doubt,
The fourth and last is long repaire, which creeps in friendship's lap.

End

of Daintie deuises.

And daily hath's that vnder trust, deuileth many a trap.
 Loe how false friends can frame a fetch, to win their will with toles,
 To saue their sightes with sugred sops, & shadow harm with smiles.
 To serue their lusts are sundry sorts by practise diuers kinds,
 Some carries honey in their mouthes, and venome in their mindes.
 She thinks the stones within the streets should cry out in this case
 And every one that doth them meete, should shun their double face.

FINIS. D. S.

29. A Lady forsaken complaineth.

If pleasures be in painfulness, in pleasures death my body rest,
 If ioyes accord with carefulnes, a sorrowfull heart is in my brest.
 If prison strong be libertie, in libertie long haue I bene,
 If ioyes accord with miserie: who can compare a life to mine?
 Who can vnbind y is soze bound: who can make free y is made thall?
 How can any meanes be found, to comfort such a wretch withall,
 None can but he that hath my heart, couert my paines to comfort then
 Yet since his seruant I became, most like a bondman haue I bene.
 Since first in bondage I became, my words and deeds were euer such
 That neuer once he could me blame, except for louing him too much.
 Which I can iudge no iust offence, nor cause that I deserue diswaie,
 Except he meane by false pretence, through sojged loue to make a train
 Pay, nay, alas, me sained thoughts, my friends and my sained ruth,
 My pleasures past, my present plaints, shew wel I meane but too much
 But since I cannot him attaine, against my wil I let him goe. (truth.
 And least he glozy at my paine, I will attempt to cloake my woe.
 Pouth learne by me, but do not proue, for I haue proued to my paine,
 What gracious græse doth grow by lone, & what it is to loue in vaine.

FINIS. M. D.

30. Finding worldly ioyes but vanities he wisheth death.

Floznie in filthie frowardsate, wherein a thousand cares I finde,
 By whom I do lament my state, annoyd with fond afflicted mind
 A wretch in woe, and dare not cry,
 I live, and yet I wish to die.
 The day in dole, that seemeth long, to passe with sighes & heauy cheare
 And with these eyes I vie to the wrong, that I sustaine by liuing here.
 Where my misshaps as rife do dwell,
 As plagues within the pit of hell.
 A walling wight I walke alone, in desert dens: here to complaine,
 Amongst the savage sort to mone, I flee my friends where they remain

D 2

and

The Paradise.

And pleasures take to shun the sight,
Where erst I felt my great delight.

A Captaine clapt in chaines of care, lapt in the laues of letball loue,
My flesh and bones consumed bare, with crawling griefs full strange t

Though hap doth bid me hope at least, (p201

Whiles grasse doth grow, yet starues the beast.

A sledged sozt with soxraine soze, soz want of aide must yeeld at last,
So must my wearied pined coase, submit my selfe to bitter tast.

Of crawling care that cracks my bzeast,

Till hope of death shall bzeake my rest.

FINIS.

F. N.

31. A reply to M. Edwards May.

I Read a Maying time of late delighted much mine eare,
It may delight as many moe, as shall it reade or heare.
To see how there is shewed, how may is much of pzeice,
And eke to May when that you may, even so is his advice.
It seemes he ment to may himselfe, and so to vse his skill,
For that the time did serue so well, in May to haue his wil.
His onelie May was ease of minde, so farre as I can gesse,
And that his May his minde did please, a man can iudge no lesse.

And as himselfe did reape the fruits, of that his pleasant may,
He wils his friend the same to vse, in time when as he may.
He is not for himselfe it seemes, but wisheth well to all,
For that he would they should take May, in time when it doth fall.
So vse your May, you may, it cannot hurtfull be,
And May well vse in time and place, may make you merry gl'e.
Modest maying meetest is, of this you may be sure,
A modest maying quietnesse to mayers both procure.

Who may and will not take may with be had so done,
Who may and it doth take, may thinke he toke too sone,
So loyne your may with wisdoines soze, and then you may be sure.
Who makes his May in other sozt, his vnrest may procure.
Some May before May come, some May when May is past,
Some make their may too late, and some do make post hast.
Let wisdom rule I say your may, and thus I make an end,
And pray that when you list to may, a good may God you send.

FINIS.

M. S.

32. Hauing

of Daintie deuises.

32. Hauing married a worthy Lady, and taken away
by death, he complaineth his mishap.

In youth when I at large did leade my life in lusty liberty,
When beaup thoughts no one did spread, to let my pleasant fantasie.

No fortune seemd so hard could fall,

This freedome then that might take thzall.

And xx. yeares I scarce had spent, when to make full my happy fate,
Both treasures great were on me cast, with lands & titles of estate.

So as moze blest then I stode than,

Eke as me thought was neuer man.

For of Dame fortune who is he, could moze desire by iust request,
Then health, with wealth, and liberty, al which at once I this possesse.

But masking in this tollie toy,

A sodaine sight proude all a toy.

For passing on these merry dayes, with new deuise of pleasures great
And now and then to view the rayes of Beauties works with cūning

In heavenly betwes all which is one, (seate.

I oft beheld, but bound to none.

And one day roling thus my eyes vpon these blessed wights at ease,
Amongst the rest one did I see, who straight my wādzing look did cease

And stayed them firme, but such a sight,

Of beauty yet saw neuer wight.

What shall I seek to praise it moze, where tongs canot wel praise the
But to be thort to lowers loze, I straight my senses all did frame. (same,

And were it wit or were it chance,

I wonne the garland in this dance.

And thus where I before had thoght, no hap my fortun might encrease
A double blis this chāce forth brought, so did my Ladies loue me please.

Her faith so firme, and constance such,

As neuer hart can praise too much.

But now with tormēts strāge I taste the fickle stay of fortunes whēl
And where she raised from high to cast, with force of grace so faile,

For from this hap of sodaine frowne,

Of Princes face she thzeto me downe.

And thus exchange now hath it made, by liberty a thing most deare,
In hatefull prison for to fade, where sundzed from my louing feare.

My wealth and health, stands at like stay,

Obscurely to consume away.

And last when humān force was none could part our loue wherin we,

(liurd,

The Paradise

My Ladies life alas is gone, most cruel death hath it bereuen.
 whose vertues hers to God hath wonne,
 And left me heere a man vndone.

FINIS.

F. G.

33. A worthy ditty, sung before the late
 Queenes Maiestie at Bristow.

M Trust not troth that truly meanes for every lealous freke,
 Insteede of wrong, cōdemne not right, no hidden wrath to wryke
 Look on the life of faultlesse life, how bright her vertues shine,
 And measure out her steps each one, by leuell and by line.

Dēme each desert by vpright gesse, whereby your praise shall lue,
 If malice would be matcht with right, let hate no iudgement giue.
 Enforce no feare with wrestling wits, in quiet conscience best,
 Lende not your eares to busie tongues, which breedeth much unrest.

In doubtfull dyltes swade not too farre, it weareth but the minde,
 Saue not to search the secret harts, whose thoughts are hard to find,
 Auaide from you those hatefull heads, that helps to heape mishap,
 Be slow to heare the flatterers voice, that creepeth in your lap.

Embrace their loues that wils you good, and sport not at their praise,
 Trust not too much vnto your selfe, for feeble are your states.
 How can your seate be settled fast, or stand on stedfast ground,
 So propped vp with hollow harts whose suretie is vnsound?

Glue snith to those that feare for loue, and not that loue for feare,
 Regard not them that force compels, to please you euery where.
 All this well wayed and borne away, shall stablish long your st at,
 Continually with perfect peace, in spite of passing hate.

FINIS.

D. S.

34. An Epitaph vpon the death of Sir Edward Saunders Knight,
 Lord chiefe Barron of the Exchequer.

You Muses weare your mourning weeds, strike on the satall drōme
 Sound Triton out the trumpe of fame, in spite of Pareas borne.
 Distill Parnassus pleasant drops possesse Periaes place,
 Apollo helpe with dolefull tune, to waile this wofull case.
 Wring hard your hands, waile on your losse, lament the fate that fell,
 With sobs and sighs to Saunders say, oh Saunders now farewell.

T. Henr

of Daintie deuises.

Whom Phœbus fed with Pallas, papas one of Sibils seete,
 Loe here where death did rest his corps, the vermine soule to seete,
 Whom Jynps of Ioue with Nectar swete, long in Libethres nott,
 Behold how dreadful death him brought, to there whence he came first
 Lycurgus he for learned lawes, Rodomantus race that ran,
 Another Nectar for aduice, Zalucus fame that wan.
 A Damon deere vnto his friend, in faith like Phocion found,
 A Cato that could counsaile, gine to Prince a subiect sound.
 Not Athens for their Solon sage, not Rome for Numa waile,
 As we for Saunders death haue cause, in floods of teares to saile.
 Not Sparta earde for Chilos death, nor proud Prienna prest,
 To weepe for Bias, as we waile our Saunders late possesse.
 His learned paths, his talents rare, so now by death appeares.
 As he that Salomon sought to serue, in prime and pouthful yeares.
 His counsell sad, his rules, his lawes, in Countrey soile so wrought.
 As though in Cum: he had been, of sage Sibilla taught:
 His vertuous life was such I say, as vertue did embrace,
 By vertue taught in vertues Schole to grow in vertues race.
 Might tender babes, might orphants weak, might widdows reare & cry,
 The sound wherof should pierce the cloudes, to shake the empyre skye.
 To bid the Gods to battaile bend, and to descend in fight,
 Though farre vnst, and mates vnmete, with mortall men to fight.
 Too late (alas) we wish his life, too soone deceaues vs Death,
 Too little wit we haue to seeke, the dead againe to breath.
 What helpelesse is, most carelesse be, as Natures course both shew,
 For death shall reape what life hath sowne, by Nature this we know,
 Where is that fierce Achilles sword: where is that Turnus shroud?
 What is become of Priamus state: where is Periander proud?
 Hector, Hanno, Hanniball, dead, Pompey, Pirrhuss spild,
 Scipio, Cyrus, Caesar slaine, and Alexander kild.
 So long their fortune fast did flow, and charged fame to sound,
 Till crowning Fortune sold by fate, which fawning Fortune found,
 Shun Fortunes wykes, shake Fortune off, to none is Fortune sound.
 With none may say of Fortune so, Fortune sat full sound
 Behold where Fortune flowed so fast, and fauored Saunders lure,
 Till fickle Fortune once againe, bid Saunders death procure.
 Loe clothed cold in cloods of clay, in drossie dust remaine,
 By fate returnd from whence he came, to his mothers wombs againe.
 Who welnigh tety pères was iudge, before a Judge dissaile.

And

The Paradise:

And iudged by that mighty iudge, which iudge shall iudge vs all,
 The heauens may of right reioyce, and earth may it bewaile,
 Sith heauen hath won, and earth hath lost, the guide and arke of baste
 Their gaine is much, our losse is great, their mirth our mone is such,
 That they may laugh as cause do yeeld, and we may weepe as much.
 Oh happy he, vnhappy wee, his hap both age encrease,
 Happy he, and happilisse wee, his hap shall neuer cease.
 We liue to die, he died to liue, we want and he possesse,
 We bide in bands, he bathes in blisse, the God above him blest.
 Being borne to liue, he liued to die, and died to God so plaine,
 What birth, that life, that death to show, that he shal liue againe.
 His youth to age, his age to death, his death to fame applied,
 His fame to time, his time to God, thus Saunders liued and died.
 Oh happy life, Oh happier death, Oh ten times happie he,
 Whose hap it was such hap to haue, a Iudge this age to be.
 Oh ioyfull time, Oh blessed soyle, where Pallas rules with wit,
 Oh noble state, Oh sacred seate, where Saba sage doth sit.
 Like Susan sound, like Sara sad, with Hesters mace in hand,
 With Iudiths sword, Bellona like to rule this noble land.
 I had my will, you had your wish, I laugh, reioyce you may,
 I winne now much, you gaine no lesse, to see this happy day.
 Wherein I dyed, wherein you liue, oh treble happie cost,
 Wherein I ioyed in glozy great, wherein you triumph most.
 Kneele on your knees, knock hard your breasts, sound forth y ioyful diti,
 Clap loud your hands, sound Echo say, the golden world is come.
 Reioyce you iudges may of right, your mirth may now be such,
 As neuer erst your Iudges had, in England mirth so much.
 Heere Cuma is heere Sibill raignes, on Delphos, seat to sit,
 Heere shee like Phœbus rules, that can Gordius knot vnknit.
 I liued to nature long enough, I liued to honour much,
 I liued at will, and died at will, to see my Country such.
 As neither needes is Numas lawes, nor yet Opolois sword,
 For manly Mars, yet Mars shalbe of this our Queene afeard.
 Oh pearlesse Pearle, Oh Diamond deere, Oh Queene of Queens farwe
 Your royall Maestie God preserue, in England long to dwell.
 Farwell the Phoenix of the world, farewell my soueraigne Queen
 Farwell most noble vertuous Prince, Minervas mate I weene.
 No Iewel, Iemine, no gold to giue, no Pearles from Pactolos lo
 No Persian gaze, no Indian stone, no Tagus sands to show.

But

of daintie Deuises.

But faith and will to native soile, aline and dead I find,
 My hart, my mind, my loue I leane vnto the Prince behind.
 Farewell you Nobles of this land, farewell you Judges grane:
 Farewell my fellows, friends and mates, your King I say: God saue:
 What rise in time, in time both fall, what floweth in time both ebbe:
 What liues in time, in time shall die, and yeld to Parcus web.
 The Sun to darknesse shall be turnde, the stars from skies shall fall,
 The moone to blood, the world with fire shall be consumed all.
 As smoake or vapour vanissheth strait, as bubbles rise and fall:
 As cloudes do passe, or shadow shiftes, we liue, we die, so all.
 Our pompe, our pride, our triumph most, our glory great herein,
 Like shattering shadow passe away, as though none such had been.
 Earth, water, ayre, and fire, as they were earst before,
 A lump confused, and Chaos called, so shall they once be more.
 And all to earth that came from earth, and to the grave descend:
 For earth on earth to earth shall goe, and earth shall be the end.
 As Christ ascended by the cloudes, so Christ in cloudes shall come,
 To iudge both good and bad on earth, at dreadfull day of doome,
 From whence our flesh shall rise againe, euen from the drossie dust:
 And so shall passe I hope, vnto the mansion of the iust.

Finis.

Lodowicke Loyd.

35 His good name being blemished, he bewaileth:
Framde in the front of sorrowne hope, past all recovery,
 I staillesse stand to abide the shorke of shame and infamie.
 My life through lingring long is lodg'd in loze of lothsome wayes,
 My death belaid to keepe from life, the harne of haplesse dayes:
 My spirites, my hart, my wit and force, in deepe distresse are drownde:
 The onely losse of my good name, is of these griefes the ground.

And since my mind, my wit, my head, my voice, & tong are weake,
 To beter moue, deuise, conceiue, sound forth, declare and speake.
 Such pearling plaints, as aunswere might, or would my wofull case,
 Helpe crane I must, and crane I will, with teares vpon my face:
 Of all that may in heauen or hell, in earth or ayre be found:
 To waile with me the losse of mine, as of these griefes the ground

Help Gods, help saints, help spirites and powers, that in the heauens do
 Help ye that are apt wont to waile, ye howling hounds of hell. (Well,

C

Helpe

The Paradise

Help man, helpe beaſts, help birds and worms, that on the erth do ſoſle
Help fiſh, help ſoule, that flockes and feedes vpon the ſalt ſea ſoſle:
Helpe Echo that in aire doth ſlee, ſhrill voices to reſound,
To waile this loſſe of my good name, as of theſe greekes the ground.

FINIS.

E. O.

36 Offortunes power.

Policrates, whoſe paſſing hap, cauſe him to loſe his ſate,
A golden ring caſt in the ſea, to change his conſtant ſtate,
And in a fiſh yet at his boord, the ſame he after ſound,
Thus Fortune loſe to whome ſhe takes, ſo bountie doth abound.

The miſers vnto might the mounts, a common cauſe we ſee,
And nightie to great miſerie, ſhe ſets in low degree.
Whome ſhe today doth reare on hie, vpon her whirling wheele,
To morrow next ſhe dingeth downe, and caſteth her heele.

No meaſure hath ſhee in her gifts, ſhe doth reward each ſort,
The wiſe that counſell haue, no more then ſooles that maketh ſport.
She bleth neuer partiall hands, ſo to offend or pleaſe,
Giue me good Fortune all men ſayes, and throw me in the ſeas.

It is no fault of worthineſſe, that makes me fall or riſe:
I had rather be borne fortunate, then to be very wiſe.
The blindest man right ſoone, that by good fortune guided is:
To whome that pleaſant fortune pipes, can neuer dance amiſſe,

FINIS. M. Edwardes.

37. Though triumph after bloody wars, the greateſt brags do beare
Yet triumphes of a conquered mind, the crown of fame ſhal weare.

Vho ſo doth marke the careleſſe life of theſe unhappy dayes,
And ſees what ſmall and ſender hold, the ſtate of vertue ſtays:
He findes, that this accursed trade proceedeth of this ill,
That men be giuen too much to peels, to their vntained will.

In lacke of taming witteleſſe will, the poore we often ſee:
Enuies the rich, becauſe that he, his equall cannot be.
The rich aduanced to might by wealth, from wrong doth not reſtraine:
But wil oppreſſeth weaker ſort, to heape exceſſiue gaine.

38

of Daintie Deuises

If fortune were so blind, to giue to one man what he will:
A world would not suffice the same, if he might haue his fill.
The wish we search, we strue for all, and haue no more therein,
Then hath the slave when death doth come, though Cressus wealth he
winne.

In getting much we get but care, such brittle wealth to keepe:
The rich within the walles of stone, doth neuer soundly sleepe.
When poore in weake and tender house, do feare no losse of wealth,
And haue no further care but this, to keepe themselves in health.

Affection may not hide the sword of sway in iudgement scale:
Least partiall fauour erreute, the law in causes great:
But if the mind in constant state, affection quite do leaue:
The higher state shall haue their rights, the poore no wrong receiue.

It is accounted greater praise, to Cefars losse state,
Against his vanquisht foes in warres to bide wrecksfull hate:
Then when to Rome he had subdued, the people long unknowne,
Wherby as farre as land was found, the same abroad was blowne.

If honour can selfe will refuse, and iustice be vpight:
And priuate state desire but that, which good appears in sight,
Then vertue shall with soueraigne shew, to euery eye reueale,
An heavenly life, a wealesfull state, a happy common weale.

Let vertue then the triumph winne, and gouerne all your deedes,
Your peeing to her sober bestes, immortall glozy breedes.
She shall vpeare your worthy name, shining vnto the skies,
Her beames shall blaze, in grane obscure, where spined carkasse lies.

FINIS.

M. Edwardes.

38 Of perfect wisdom.

VWho so would be accounted wise, and truly claime the same,
By loyning vertue to his deedes, he must atchieue the same:
But few there be that seeke thereby, true wisdom to attain,
God so rule our hearts therefore, such fondnes to restraine.

The wisdom which we most esteeme, in this thing doth consist:
With glorious talke to show in words, our wisdom when we list.

The Paradise

Pet not in talke but seemly deedes, our wisdoms we should place,
To speake so faire, and do but ill, doth wisdom quite disgrace.

To bargaine well, and shun the losse, a wisdom counted is:
And thereby through the greedy coyne, no hope of grace to misse,
To seeke by honour to aduance, his name to byttle praise.
Is wisdom which we dayly see, increaseth in our dayes.

But heauenly wisdoms solwe seemes, too hard for them to winne,
And wearie of the lute they seme, when they do once begin:
It teacheth vs to frame our life, while vitall breath we haue:
When it dissolneth earthly mosse, the soule from death to saue.

By feare of God to rule our steps, from sliding into vice,
A wisdom is which we neglect, although of greater price:
A point of wisdom also this, we commonly esteeme,
That euery man should be indeed, that he desires to seme.

To bydle that desire of gaine, which sorceth vs to ill:
Our haughtie stomackes Lord repress, to tame presuming will.
This is the wisdom that we should, about each thing desire,
O heauenly God from sacred throne, that grace in vs inspire.

And print in our repugnant hearts, the rule of wisdom true:
That all our deedes in worldly life, may like there of ensue.
Thou onely art the living spring, from whom this wisdom flowes:
O wash therewith our sinfull harts from vice that therein growes.

FINIS. M. Edwards.

39 A friendly admonition.

Ye stately wights, that liue in quiet rest,
Through worldly welth which God hath giue to you
Lament with teares, and sighes from dolesfull brest,
The shame and power, that vice obtaineth now,
Behold how God doth dayly proffer grace,
Yet we disdain repentance to embrace.

The suddes of sinne, do soke into the mind.
And rankered vice doth vertue quite expell:

of Daintie Deuises.

No change to good alas can resting find,
Our wicked harts so stoutely do rebell,
Not one there is that hasteth to amend,
Though God fro heauen, his dayly threates down send,

We are so slow to change our blamefull life,
We are so prest to snatch a luring vice,
Such greedy harts on euery side be rife,
So few that guide their will by counsell wise,
To let our teares lament the wretched case,
And call to God for undeserued grace.

You worldly wightes that haue your fancies fixt,
On slipper ioy, of terrene pleasure here:
Let some remorse in all your deedes be mixt,
Whiles you haue time, let some redresse appeare,
Of suddaine death the houre you shall not know,
And looke for death, although it seemeth slow.

Be no iudge in other mens offence,
But pure thy selfe, and seeke to make thee free:
Let euery one apply his diligence,
A change so good within himselfe to see.

O God direct our feet in such a way,
From cankered vice, to stun the hatefull way.

Finis.

R. Hil.

40 Sundriemen, sundrie affects.

I In euery wight some sundry sort of pleasure I do finde:
Which after he doth seeke to ease his tolling mind:
Diana with her training chase of hunting had delight:
Against the leareful Deare, she could direct her shaft aright.
The lofty yeares in euery age, doth still embrace the same
The sport is good, if vertue do assist the chearefull game.

Minerua in her clattering armes, her courage doth aduance,
In triall of the bloody wars, she giueth lucky chance.
For safegard men embrace the same, which do so needful seeme,
That noble harts their cheise delights, in vsethersof esteeme.

The Paradise

In warlike games to trie o; ride, the force of armes they vse:
And base the man we do account, that doth the same refuse.

The silver soundes of Musickes cordes, doth please Apollos wit,
A sentence which the heauens aduance, where it deserues to sit,
A pleasure apt so; euery wight, relecte to carefull mind,
For woe redresse, so; care a salue, so; sadness helpe we find:
The soueraigne praise of Musickes skill, doth cause the Poetsaine,
The wirtling Spheres, and eke the heauens do harmonic retaine.

I heard that these three powers at variance lately fell:
Whiles each did prayse his owne delight, the other to excell.
Thensame as an indifferent iudge, to end the cause they call:
The praise pronounced by her to them, indifferently doth fall,
Diana health and strength maintaine, Minerva force doth tame,
And Musicke giues a sweet delight, to further others game.

These three delights to haughtie minde the worthiest are esteemed
If vertue be annexed to them, they rightly be so deemed.
With joy they do reuiue the wit, with sorrow oft oppress,
And neuer suffer solitarie griefe, too long in mind to rest.
We wise in mirth and seeke delight, the same do not abuse,
In honest mirth, a happy joy, we ought not to refuse.

Finis.

R: Hill.

14.

Of a friend and a flatterer.

A Faithfull friend is rare to find, a sawning foe may soone be got:
A faithfull friend beare still in minde, but sawning foe regard thou
A faithfull friend no cloake doth craue, to culler knauerie withall, (not
But Sicophant a gowne must haue, to beare a port what ere befall:
A nose to smell out euery scall, a brysen face to set it out:
A shamefull chile o; homely guest, whose life doth like to range about:
A sawning foe while breath doth last, a theefe to rob and spoile his friend
As strong as oke, while wealth doth last, but rotten sticke doth proue in
the end.

Looke first then leape, beware the mire,
Burnt child is warn'de to dread the fire:
Take heed my friend, remember this,
Short horse they say, soone curried is.

Finis.

M. Edwards.

24. Of _____

of Daintie Deuises.

42 Of sufferance commeth ease.

Thisme so, to reuenge ech wrong in haste wise,
By prooue of guiltlesse men, it hath not beene the guile,
In flanders loathsome brute, where they condemned be,
With ragelesse moode they suffer wrong. where truth shall try the free
These are the patient panges that passe within my breast:
Of those that feele their cause by mine, where wrong hath right opprest
I know how by suspect, I haue beene iudge a wry,
And granted guilty in the thing, that clerelie I deny.
By faith may me defend if I might loued be:
God iudge me so as from the guilt, I know me to be free,
I wrote but for my selfe, the grieve was all mine stone:
As who would proue extremity, by prooue it might be knowne.
Yet are they such that say, they can my meaning decme,
Without respect of this old truth, thinges proue not as they seme.
Whereby it may befall in iudgement to be quicke
To make themselues suspect therewith, that needed not to kicke]:
Yet in resisting wrong, I would not haue it thought,
I doe amisse, as though I knew by whom it might be wrought,
If any such there be, that here withall be bett,
It were their vertue to beware, and doe me better next.

Finis.

L. Vaux.

43. All thinges are vaine.

Although the purple morning brags, in brightnes of the sunne,
As though he had of chased night a glorious conquest wonne:
The tyme by day giues place againe, the force of droulie night,
And euery creature is constraint to change his lusty plight.

Of pleasures all that here we taste,

We feele the contrary at last.

In spring, then pleasant Zephrus hath fruitful earth inspired,
And neuer hath each bush each brance with i lousome haue attired,
Pet frutes and flowers, as bushes & blowmes full quickly withered be,
When stormy winter comes to kill the Summers solty.

By time are got, by time are lost,

All thinges wherein we pleasure most.

Although the seas so calmly glide, as danger none appeare:
And doubt of stormes in skie is none, King Phoebus shines so cleare:
Pet when the boistrous winds breake out, & raging waues do swell.

The

The Paradise

The silly barkè now haues to heauen, now sinkes againe to hell.

Thus change in euery thing wee see,

And nothing constant seemes to be.

Who floweth most in worldly wealth, of wealth is most vnsecure,

And he that chiefly tastes of ioy doth sometime woe endure,

Who vaunteth most of numbr'd friendes, forgoe them all he must,

The sayest flesh and liuely blood, is turn'd at length to dust:

Experience giues a certaine ground,

That certaine here is nothing found.

Then trust to that which aye remaines, the blisse of heauen above,

Which time no; fate, no; wind no; storme, is able to remoue,

Trust to that sure celestia!l rocke, that restes in glorious throne:

That hath beene, is, and must be still, our anker hold alone,

The world is all but vanitie,

In heauen seeke we our surety.

Finis. F. Kindlemarsh.

44 A vertuous Gentlewoman in the praise of her loue.

I Am a virgine faire and free, and freckle do reioyce,

I sweetely warble sugred notes, from silver voice.

For which delightfull ioyes, yet thanke I courteous loue,

By whose almighty power, such sweete delights I proue.

I walke in pleasant fields, adoynde with liuely greene,

And view the fragrant flowers most lovely to be seene:

The purple Columbine, the Cowslip and the lillie,

The violet sweete, the Daisie and the Daffadilly.

The woodbine on the Hedge, the red rose and the white,

And each fine flower else, that rendereth sweet delight:

Amongst the which, I chose all these of seemelitest grace,

In thought resembling them, to my deare louers face.

His lovely face I meane, whose golden flowing gifts,

His euer lasting fame, to lofty skie vp lifts,

Whome louing me, I loue onely for vertues sake,

When vertuously to loue, al onely care I take.

Of all which fresh faire flowers, that flower that doth appeare:

In my conceite, most like to him, I hold so deare.

I gather

of daintie Deuises.

I gather it, I gesse it, and eke deuise with it,
Such kind of louely speech, as is for louers fit.

And then of all my flowers, I make a garland fine,
With which my golde wiew haire together I do twine,
And set it on my head, so taking that delight:
That I would take, had I my louer still in sight.

For as in goodly flowers mine eyes great pleasure find,
So are my louers gistes, most pleasant to my mind:
Upon which vertuous gistes, I make more repast,
Then they that for loue sportes, the sweetest ioyes do tast.

Finis.

F. K.

45 Oppressed with sorrow, he wisheth death.

If fortune may enforce, the carefull hart to cry,
And griping griepe constrain the wounded wight lament
Who then also to mourne hath greater cause then I?

Against whose hard mishap both heauen & earth is bent.
For whome no helpe remaines, for whome no helpe is left,
From whom all happy hap is fled, and pleasure quite bereft:
Whose life nought can prolong, whose health nought can
Whose passed p[er]uise of pleasant ioy, (procure,
Mischaunce hath changed to gr[ie]ues annoy:
And loe whose hope of better day,
Is ouerwhelm'd with long delay.

O hard mishap.

Each thing I plainly see, whose vertues may auaille:
To ease the pinching paine, which gripes y[our] groning wight
By physickes sacred skill, whose rule doth seldome faile,
Through labours long inspect, as plainly brought to light.
I know there is no fruit, no lease, no roote, no rinde:
No hearbe, no plant, no iuyce, no gum, no mettall deepe
No pearle, no pretious stone, ne Gem of rare effect: (mind,
Whose vertues lerned Galens bookes, at large do not
Yet all their force cannot appease, (detect,
The furious fits of my disease:
Nor any drugges of physickes art,
Can ease the gr[ie]ues that gripes my hart.

O strange disease.

The Paradise

I heare the wise affirme, that nature hath in store:
A thousand secret salues, which wisdom hath not found:
To coole the scorching heate of euerie smarting soze,
And helpeth deepest scarre, though grieuous be the wound.
The ancient Proverbe sayes, that none so fostred grieve,
Doth grow, for which the Gods themselues, haue not ordainde reliefe.
But I by prooofe do know, such Proverbes to be vaine,
And thinke that Nature neuer knew, the plague that I sustaine,
And so not knowing my distresse,
Hath lest my grief remedie.
For why: the heauens scorne me, care,
To liue in thought, all day long.

Oh lasting paine,

In change of ayre I see, by haunt of healthfull soyle,
By dyet duely kept, grosse humors are expeld:
I know that griefes of mind, and inward harts turmoile,
By faithfull friends aduise, in time may be repeld.
Yet all this nought auails to kill that me annoies,
I mean to stop these floods of care, that ouerflow my ioies
No, none exchange of place, can change my lucklesse lot,
Like one I liue, and so must die, whom fortune hath forgot.
No counsaile can preuaile with me,
Nor sage aduise with grace agree:
For he that feelles the pangs of hell,
Can neuer hope in heauen to dwell.

Oh deepe despaire.

What liues on earth but I, whose trauel reapes no gain
The wearied Horse and Oxe, in stall and stable rest,
The Ant with sommers toile, bears out the winters pain
The soule that flies all day, at night returnes to rest.
The Ploughmans wearie worke, amid the winters mire
Rewarded is with sumers gain, which yeelds him doble hire,
The silly labozing soule, which drudges from day to day,
At night his wages truly paie, contented goes his way.
And comming home his droulie head.
He coucheth close in homely bed,
Wherein no sooner downe he lies,
But sleepe hath strait possessd his eyes.

Oh happy man.

The

of Daintie Deuises

The soldier biding long the hunt of mortall warres,
 Where life is neuer free from dint of deadly soile:
 At last comes ioyfull home, though mangled al with scars
 Where frankly boide of feare, he spends the gottyn spoile.
 The Pirate lying long amid the soming floods,
 With euery flaw in hazard is, to loose both life and goods,
 At length findes vie to of land, where wished port he spies,
 Which once obtaint, among his mates he parts the gotten
 Thus euery man from trauell past, (passe.
 Doth reape a iust reward at last,
 But I alone whose troubled mind
 In seeking rest, unrest do find.

O lucklesse lot. •

Oh cursed catife wretch, whose heauie hard mishap,
 Doth with ten thousand times, that thou hadst not been bozne:
 Since fate hath thee condemned, to liue in sorowes lap,
 Where wailinges waste thy life, of all redressse forlorne.
 What shall thy griepe appease? who shall thy torments stay?
 Wilt thou thy selfe with murdering hands, enforce thy owne
 As far be thou from me, thy selfe to stop my breath, (decay
 The Gods forbid, whom I beseech to work my toyes by death
 For lingering length of loathsome life,
 Doth stirre in me such mortall strife,
 That whilest for life and death I crie,
 In death I liue, and liuing die.

O froward fate.

Loe here my hard mishap, loe here my strange disease,
 Loe here my deepe despaire, loe here my lasting paine,
 Loe here my froward fate, which nothing can appeale:
 Loe here how other stoile, rewarded is with gaine.
 With lucklesse lot I liue, in losse of labours due:
 Compeld by pprose of torment strong, my endles griepe to rue
 In which since needes I must consume both youth and age,
 If old I liue, and that my care no comfort can allwage,
 Henceforth I banish from my breast,
 All frustrate hope of future rest,
 And truthlesse trust to time reward:
 With all respects of ioyes regard.

Here I forswear.

¶ 2

Finis.

46. Where

46. Where reaſon makes request, there wiſedome ought ſupply,
With friendly anſwere preſt, to grant or elſe denie,

I high why ſo: ſo: ſorrow of her ſmart,
I mourne, wherefore: ſo: greefe that ſhee complaines:
I pittie, what her oppreſſed hart,
I dread, what harme: the danger ſhe ſuſtaines:
I grieue, whereat: at her oppreſſing paines,
I ſeele, what ſorce: the fits of her diſeaſe,
Whoſe harme doth me and her alike diſpleaſe.

I hope, what hap: her happy healthes retire,
I wiſh, what wealth: no wealth nor worldly ſtoze:
But craue, what craft: by cunning to aſpire,
Some ſkil, whereto: to ſalue her ſickly ſoze,
What then: why then would I her health reſtoze.
Whoſe harm me hurts, how ſo: ſo workes my will,
To wiſh my ſelfe and her, like good and ill.

What moues thy mind, whereto: to ſuch deſire,
Pe ſorce, ne fauour, what then: free fancies choiſe:
Art thou to choiſe: my Charter to require,
Each Ladies loue is ſed by cuſtomes boice,
Yet are their grants, the euidence of their choiſe,
What then: our freedom is at large in choſing:
As womens willes are ſroward in reſuſing.

What ſhe thy wiſt: ſhe knowes what I proteſt,
Dainde ſhe thy ſute: ſhe dangered not my talke:
Gauc ſhe conſent: ſhe granted my request,
What didſt thou craue: the roote: the fruit: the ſtallie:
I aſked them all, what gauc ſhe: cheeſe or chalke:
That taſt muſt trie, what taſte: I meane the prooſe:
Of fricndes, whoſe wilſ wiſthold their bow alooſe.

Meaneſt thou good ſaith: what elſe: hopeſt thou to ſpeede:
Why not: A ſoole bntaught in carpell trade,
Knoweſt not what prooſes from ſuch delates procede:
Wilt thou like heedeleſſe Cocke be caught in glade:

of Daintie Deuises,

Art thou like asse, too apt for burden made:
Fie, fie, wilt thou for Saint adore the shine?
And wooe her friendes, ere shee be wholly thine?

Who dze in this dist? moued she or thou this match?
Twas I: A foole vnware of womens wiles,
Long mailest thou waite, like hungry hound at hatch,
The crafty Foxe, the silly Goose beguiles,
Thy sute is shaped, so fit for long delay,
That she at will may checke from yea to nay.

But in good sooth, tell me her friendes entent,
But learne it first, their purpose I not know,
Why then thy will to worse, and worse is bent,
Dost thou delight the vnkindled coale to blow?
Or childlike louest in ankred Boate to row?
What meane these termes? who sith thy sute is such,
Know of or on, or thou affect too much.

No hast but good, why no, the meane is best,
Admit the loue, mislike in lingring growes.
Suppuse she is caught, then Woodcocke on thy crest,
Till end approues, what scoynesfull seedes she sowes.
In loitering loue, such danger ebs and flowes,
What helpe herein? why wake in dangerous watch,
That too no, fro, may make thee marre thy match.

Is that the way to end my wearie worke?
By quicke dispatch to lessen long turmoile:
Wel, wel, though losse in lingring wents to lurke,
And I a foole most fit to take the soile:
Yet prooue from promise neuer shall recoil.
My words with deedes, and deedes with words shal wend:
Till she or hers gaine say that I pretend.

Art thou so fond? not fond, but firmly fast:
Why foole her friendes wot how thy will is bent:
Yet thou like dolt, whose wit and sense is past:
Seest not what frumpes do follow thy entent.

The Paradise

He knowe how lone in lew of scozne is lent,
A due, so, fighes such folly should pꝛeuent,
Well, well, their scoffes with scoznes might be repaide,
If my requestes were fully yead or nayed.
Well, well, let these with wisedomes prayse be wayed,
And in your chest of cheefest secretes laied.

Finis.

My luke is losse.

47. What ioy to a contented mind.

The faith that failes, must needes be thought vnttrue,
The friend that faines, who holdeth not vniust?
Who likes that loue that changeth stil for new:
Who hopes for truth, where troth is void of trust?
No faith no friend, no loue, no troth so sure,
But rather failes, then stedfast doth endure.

What head so stayed, that altereth not intent?
What thought so sure, that stedfast doth remaine?
What wit so wise, that neuer needes repent?
What tongue so true, but sometime wons to faine?
What foote so firme, that neuer treades awy.

What hart so firt, but soone enclines to change?
What moode so mild, that neuer moude debate?
What faith so strong, but likely likes to range?
What loue so true, that neuer learnde to hate?
What life so pure that lasts without offence?
What worldly mind but moues with ill pretence?

What knot so fast that may not be vntide?
What zeale so sure, but fraud or force shall breake?
What prop of stay, but one time shynkes aside?
What ship so stanch, that neuer had a leake?
What grant so large, that no exception makes?
What hoped helpe, but frendes at last forsakes?

What seate so high, but low to ground may fall:
What hap so good that neuer sound mislike?

What

of Daintie Deuises.

What state so sure, but subject is to thral:
 What force preuailes where fortune list to strike:
 What wealth so much, but time may turne to want:
 What stoe so great, but wasting maketh shant:

What profits hope in depth of dangers thral:
 What trust in time, but wareth worse and worse:
 What helpes good hart, if fortune frowne withall:
 What blessing th;ues gainst heavenly helplesse curse:
 What wins desire to get, and cannot gaine:
 What bootes to wish, and neuer to obtaine:

FINIS. My lucke is losse.

48 *Donec eris faelix, multos numerabis amicos.*

Nullus ad amissas ibit amicus opes.

Euen as the Raven, the Crow and greedy Kite,
 Do swarming flocke, where carren corpes doth fall:
 And tiring teare, with beake and tallentes might:
 Both skinne and flesh, to gorge their guts withall:
 And neuer cease, but rather moe to moe,
 Doo all to pull the carkasse to and fro,
 Till bared bones at last they leaue behind,
 And seeke else where some satter food to find.

Euen so I see, where wealth doth ware at will:
 And gold doth grow to heapes of great encrease:
 Their friends resort, and proffering friendship still:
 Full thicke they throng, with neuer ceasing preale:
 And ooly make a shew of true intent,
 When nought but guile, and inward hate is meant.
 For when mischance shall change such wealth to want,
 They packe from thence, to place of richer haunt.

FINIS. My lucke is losse.

49 *Amantium ira amor is redintegratio est.*

If going to my naked bed, as one that would haue slept,
 I heard a wise sing to her child, that log before had wept
 She sighed soze, and sung ful sweet, to bring the babe to rest
 That would not cease, but cried still, in sucking at her brest.
 She was full weary of her watch, & griued with her child,
 Yet rocked she, and rated it, til that on her it smild.

Then

The Paradise

Then did she say, now haue I found this pꝛouerbe true to pꝛoue,
 The falling out of faithfull friends, renewing is of loue.
 Then toke I paper, pen and inke, this pꝛouerbe for to write,
 In register for to remaine, of such a worthy wight.
 As she proceeded thus in song, vnto her little bꝛat,
 Much matter vttered she of weight, in place whereas she sat.
 And pꝛoued plaine there was no beast, nor creature bearing life,
 Could well be knowne to liue in loue, without discord and strife.
 Then kissed she her little babe, and sware by God above,
 The falling out of faithfull friends, renewing is of loue.
 She said that neither King nor Prince, ne Lord could liue aright,
 Until their puissance they did pꝛoue, their manhood and their might:
 When manhood shall be matched so, that feare can take no place,
 Then weary works makes warriours, each other to embrace.
 And leaue their force that failed them, which did consume the rout,
 That might before haue liued their time, and nature out.
 Then did she sing as one that thought, no man could her repꝛoue,
 The falling out of faithfull friends, renewing is of loue.
 She said she saw no fish ne fowle, ne beast within her haunt,
 That met a stranger in their kind, but could giue it a taunt.
 Since flesh might not endure, but rest much wrath succeed:
 And force the fight to fall to play, in pasture where they feede.
 So noble nature can well end, the work she hath begun,
 And byde well that will not cease, her tragedy in some.
 Thus in her song she oft rehearst, as did her wel bebooue,
 The falling out of faithfull friends, renewing is of loue.
 I meruaile much pardy (quoth she) for to behold the roote,
 To see man, woman, boy and beast, to tesse the world about. (smile,
 Some kneele, some couch, some becke, some checke, & some can smotherly
 And some embrace others in arme, and there thinke many a wile.
 Some stand aloofe, at cap and knee, some humble and some stout,
 Yet are they neuer friends in deede, vntill they once fall out.
 Thus ended she her song, and said before she did remoue,
 The falling out of faithfull friends, renewing is of loue.

FINIS.

M. Edwards.

50. Thinke to die.

The life is long which loathsome doth last:
 The dolefull dayes, draw slowly to their date:

The

of Daintie deuises.

The present pangs, and paineful plagues forpast,
Peeldes gréepe aye gréene, to Eablish his estate.

So that I feele in this great storme and strife,

That death is swéet that thortneth such a life,

And by the stroke of this strong overthrow,

All which conflict in thraldome I was thrust:

The Lord be praised, I am well taught to know

From whence man came, and eke whereto he must.

And by the way vpon how feeble force,

His terme doth stand, till death doth end his course.

The pleasant péeres that seemes so swiftly runne,

The merry dayes to end so fast that fleete:

The ioyfull nights of which dayes drawes so sone,

The happy howres, which moe do misse then meete.

Do all consume, as snow against the Sunne,

And death makes end of all that life begun.

Since death shall dure till all the world be wast,

What meaneth man to dread death then so sore:

As man might make that life should al wates last,

Without regard the Lord hath led before.

The daunce of death which all must runne on rowe,

The howze wherein, onely himselke doth know.

If man would mind what burdens life doth bring,

What grisuous crimes to God he doth commit:

What plagues, what perill thereby dayly spring,

With no sure howze in all his life to sit.

He would sure thinke as with great cause I doe,

The day of death is happier of the two.

Death is the dore whereby we drawe to soy,

Life is the lake that drowneth all in paine,

Death is so dole, it leaseth all annoy,

Life is so lewd, that all it peeldes is vaine.

And as by life, in bondage man is brought,

Euen so by death, is freedom likewise wrought.

Wherefore with Paul let all men wish and pray,

To bee dissolude of this soule fleshy masse,

Or at the least be armed against that day,

That they be sound good souldiours prest to passe.

From life to death, from death to life againe,

And such a life as euer shall remaine. Finis. D. S.

The Paradise.

15. If thou desire to liue in quiet rest,
Give care, and see, but say the best.

If thou delight in quietnesse of life,
Desire to shun from brawls, debate and strife.
To liue in loue with God, with friend and foe,
In rest shall sleepe, when others cannot so.

Give care to all, yet doe not all beleue.
And see the end, and then do sentence giue,
But say for truth of happy itues assignde.
The best hath he, that quiet is in minde.

FINIS.

W. Hunnis.

52. Being forsaken of his friend he cōplaineth

Vhy should I linger long to liue,
In this diseale of fantasie;
Since Fortune doth not cease to giue.
Things to my minde most contrarie,
And at my loyes both lower and crowne,
Til she hath turnde them upside downe.
A friend I had to mee most deere,
And of long time faithfull and true.
There was no one my heart so neere.
Nor one in whome I had more trust.
Whom now of late without cause why,
Fortune hath made mine enemy.
The grasse me thinks should grow in skie.
The starres vnto the earth cleaue fast,
The water streame should passe awy.
The windes should leave their strength of blast.
The Sunne and Moone by one assent,
Should both forsake the firmament.
The fish in ayre should flie with fenne,
The foules in flood should bying forth fenne,
All things me thinks shoulder it begin,
To take their course vnnaturally,
Afore my friend should alter so,
Without a cause to be my foe.
But such is Fortunes hate I say,
Such is his will on me to woeake,

Such

of Daintie deuises.

Such spite bes bath at mee allway,
And ceaseth not my heart to breake.

With such despight of crueltie,

Wherefore then longer line should I.

FINIS. E. S.

53. Prudence. The history of Damacles and Dionise.

VVho so is set in princely throne, and craueth rule to beare,
Is still beset on euery side, with perill and with feare.
High trees by stormie winds are shakt, and rent by from the ground,
And flashy flakes of lightning flames, and turrets doe rebound.
When little shrubbes in safety lurke, in couert all a low,
And freshly flourish in their kinde, what euer winde doe blow.
The cruel king of Scicily, who fearing barbars hands,
Was wont to singe his beard himselfe, with coale and fier brands,
Hath taught vs this, the p^rocle whereof, ful plainly we may see,
Was neuer thing more liuely touched, to shew it so to be.
This king did seeme to Damacles, to be the happiest wight,
Because he thought none like to him, in power or in might.
Who did alone so farre excell, the rest in his degree,
As doth the Sunne in brightest cleere, the darkest starre we see.
Wilt thou (then said this cruel king) proue this my present state?
Possesse thou shalt this seate of mine, and so be fortunate.
Ful gladly then this Damacles, this proffered honour toke,
And shooting at a princely life, his quiet life forsooke.
In honours seat, then was he plac'd, according to his wil,
Forthwith a banquet was prepar'd, that hee might feast his fill.
Nothing did want wherein twas thought, that he could take delight,
To feede his eye, to fill his mouth, or please the appetite.
Such store of plate, I thinke in Greece, there scarcely was so much,
His seruitors did angels seeme, their passing shape was such.
No daintie dish but there it was, and thereof was such store,
That throughout Greece so princely cheere was neuer seene before.
Thus while in pompe and pleasures seate, this Damacles was plakt,
And did begin with gladsome heart, each dainty dish to taste.
At length by chance cast by his eyes, and gan the house to view,
And saw a sight that him entort, his princely state to reu.
A sword forsooth with downeward point, that had no stronger thread,
Then one hoyle-haire that poised it, direct vpon his head.
Wherewith he was so sore amaz'd, and shoke in every part,
As though the sword that hung aboue, had stricke him to the hart.

The Paradise

Then al their pleasures tooke their leaue, and so: r o w came in place,
 His beaue heart the teares declarede, that trickled downe his face.
 And then forthwith with sobbing voyce, besought the King of grace,
 That he would licence him with speede, to depart out of that place.
 And said that he ful long enough had tryed now with feare,
 What tis to be a happy man, and princely rule to beare.
 His dede of thine O Dionise deserues immortall fame, (Thame,
 His dede shall alwaies live with praise, though thou didst live with
 Whereby both kings be put in minde, their dangers to be great,
 And subiects be so: bid to climbe, high steps of honours seat.

FINIS.

M. Edwards.

54. Fortitude. A young man of Egypt and Valerian.

E The one deserues great praise to haue, but yet not like I thinke,
 Both he that can sustaine the poke of paines, and both not thynke.
 And hee whom Cupids couert craft can nothing moue at all,
 Into the hard and tangled knots of Venus snares to fall,
 Besirre you then who so delights, in vertues race to run,
 The flying boy with bow p bent, by strength to ouercome.
 As one did once when he was young, and in his tender dayes,
 Whose stout and noble dedes of his hath got immortall praise.
 The wicked Romaines did pursue, the illie christians than,
 What time Valerian Emperour was, a wicked cruel man.
 Who spared not with bloody draughts, to quench his owne desire,
 Dispatching all that flock to Christ, with hote consuming fire.
 At length a man of tender yeares was brought befoze his sight,
 Such one as nature seemde to make, a witnesse of her might.
 For euery part so well was set, that nothing was depaured,
 So that the cruel King him selfe, would gladly him haue saued.
 So loth he was to see a worke, so rare of Natures power,
 So finely built, so suddenly destrouise within an houre.
 Then meanes he sought to ouercome, or win him at the least,
 To slip from Christ, whom he befoze, had earnestly profess.
 A bed prepar'd so finely deckt, with diuers pleasant sinels,
 That wel it might appeare a place where pleasure onely dwels.
 By him he laid a naked wench, a Venus darling sure,
 With sugred spech and louelie toyes, that might his mind allure.
 Such wanton louers as those he thought might easily him entise,
 Which things he knew with iustie routh had alwaies bene in prise.
 Such waies I think the Gods themselues, could haue inuented none.

507.

of Daintie deuises.

For flattering Venus ouercomes the senses euerych one.
 And he himselſe was euen at point, to Venus to consent,
 Had not his stout and manly minde, resisted his intent.
 When he perceiued his flesh to yeeld, to pleasures wanton ioyes,
 And was by sight almost prouoked, to taste of Venus ioyes.
 More cruel to himselſe then those, that glad would him vnder.
 With bloody tooth, his tender tongue, bit quite and cleane in two.
 Thus was the paine so passing great of this his bloody bit,
 That all the fire and carnal lust was quenched euery whit.
 Doo il, and al thy pleasures then ſul ſoone wil passe away,
 But yet the shame of those thy dedes, will neuer more decay.
 Doo wel and though thy paines be great, yet ſoone each one wil cease,
 But yet the praise of those thy dedes, wil euermore encrease.

FINIS.

M. Edwards.

55. Iustice, Zaleuch and his sonne.

Let Rulers make most perfect lawes, to rule both great and small,
 If they themselues obey them not, it booteth not at all.
 As lawes be nought but rulers dome, containing equal might,
 So Rulers should be speaking lawes, to rule by line of right.
 Zaleuch the Prince of Locrine once, appointed by decree,
 Each Letcher should be punished, with losse of either eye.
 His sonne by chance offended first, which when his father saw,
 Lord God how earnest then he was to execute the law.
 Then came the people al in flocks, to him with weeping eyes,
 Not one amongst the rout there was, but pardon. pardon cries.
 By whose out-cries and earnest sute, his sonne in hope did stand.
 That he thereby should then obtaine, some pardon at his hand.
 But al in vaine, for he is found, to be the man he was,
 And maketh hast so much the more, to haue the law to passe,
 The people yet renewed their sute, in hope of some releefe,
 Whose faces al besprent with teares, did testifie their grieve.
 And cried al for pitties sake, yeeld now to our request,
 If al you wil not cleane remit, yet cease the paine at least.
 Then somewhat was the Father moued, with all the peoples voyce,
 And euery man did giue a shout, to shew they did reioyce.
 Well then (quoth he) it shal be thus the law shal be fulfilled,
 And yet my sonne shal fauour haue, according as you wold.
 One eye of his shal be puld out, thus hath his lewdnes got,
 And likewise so shall one of mine, though I deserue it not.

The Paradise.

This word no sooner was pronounced, but straight the deed was don,
 Two eyes no more was left, betweene the Father and the sonne.
 Say now who can, and on my faith Apollo he shall be,
 Was he more gentle Father loe, or truster Judge to wye?
 This man would not, his lawes be like the webs the spiders weave,
 Wherein they lurke when they intend, the simple to deceave.
 Therewith small flies full soone be caught, and tangled ere they wist,
 When great ones fly and scape away, and breake them as they list.

FINIS.

M. Edwards.

56. Temperance. Spurina and the Romaine Ladies.

If Nature bear thee so great loue, that she in thee haue beauty platt,
 Full hard it is as we do proue, to keepe the body cleane and chaste.

Twirt comelines and chastity,

A deadly stile is thought to be.

For beauty which some men suppose, to be as twere a golden ill,
 Prouoketh strife and many foes, that seekes on her to worke their will.

Assaults to Townes if many make,

No Towne so strong but may be take.

And this Spurina witnesseth can, who did for beauty beare the bell,
 So cleane a wight, so comely made, no dame in Rome but loued well.

Not one could coole her hote desire,

So burning was the flame of fire.

Like as when bait cast in the flood, so;thwith both cause the fishes com
 That pleasantly before did play, now presently to death do runne.

For when they see the baite to fall,

Straight way they swallow hooke and all.

So when Spurina they did see, to him they flockt out of hand,
 The happiest dame was thought to be, that in his sauoz most did stand

Not knowing vnder sweete deceites,

How Venus hides her poysoned baytes.

But when he saw the thus to range, who loue had linked in his chain,
 This meanes hee sought so; to assuage those Ladies of their grievous

His shape intending to disgrace,

(pant.

With many wounds he scratcht his face.

By which his deed it came to passe, that he that seemed an angel bright
 Euen now so cleane disfigured was, that hee became a loathsome wight.

And rather had he be soule and chaste,

Then faire and filthy loyes to tast.

What pen can write or tongue expresse, the worthy praises, of this deed?

See

of Daintie deuises.

We thinke that God can do no lesse, then grant him heauen for his meed
Who for to saue himselfe byright,
Himselfe hath first destroyed quite.

FINIS.

M. Edwards.

57. A branch of hearbs and flowers.

If that each flower that God hath framed, or shapt by sacred skill,
Were as I would (no wrong to wish) and mine to weare at will.
Or else each tree with lusty top, would lend me leaue to leue,
With springs displaied to spread my sute a willing heart to proue.
Upon my helme some should you see, my head aduanced hie,
Some slip for solace there to set, and weare the same would I.
Yet would I not for great delight, the Daisies strange desire,
The Lilly would not like my lust, nor Rose would I require.
The Marigold might grow for me, Rosemary wel might rest,
The Fennel too, that is moze fit, for some unfriendly guest.
Nor Cowslips would I craue at all, sometime they seeme too coy,
Some iolly youth the Gyliflower esteemeth for his ioy.
The Lauender sometimes aloft, allures the lookers eyes,
The Painesie shall not haue the praise, where I may giue the prize.
And thus no flower my fancie satisfies, or liketh so my lust,
As that I may subiect my selfe, to toys of fickle trust.
For flowers though they be faire and fresh, of scent excellling sweete,
Yet grow they on the ground below, we tread them with our feet:
And shall I then go soupe to such, or else go secke to chouse?
Shall flowers enforce me once to satune, for feare of friendes or foes,
Yet rather yeeld I to the right, as reason hath assigned,
Some Autho: said there was no salue, in flowers for me to finde.
And yet perhaps some tree there is, to shroud me from the shower,
That with her armes may saue the soule, that preideth to her power.
Where I may finde some pleasant shade, to saue me from the sunne,
Each thing we see that reason hath, vnto the trees do runne.
Both men and beastes, such fowles as flies, their treasures are the trees
And for my part when branches fall, I wish no other sees.
But when the stormes beate me round, such succour God me send,
That I may slide a friendly tree, that will me well defend.
No tree there is which yeeldes no good, to some that doth it seeke,
And as they are of diuers kinde, their vices are unlike.
The Elgh tree saues the Wolouers turne, the Ash the Coopers art,
The puissant Oake doth make the post, the Pine some other part.

The

The Paradise.

The Elm doth helpe to hide the birds in weary Winters night,
 The bypers I gesse are nothing worth they serue but for despight.
 The willow with I far from hence, good will deserves no wrong,
 The fallow wel may serue their states, that sing so sad a song.
 The Beye and Beech each for him selfe, aboute the rest doth best,
 The Eglantine for pleasure oft, is pricked vpon the post.
 The Hawthorne is so sad in prife, the Bayes doe beare the Bell,
 And that these bayes did bying no blisse, I like it not so well.
 As erst I too that seemely tree, by which those bayes I found,
 And there withall unwittingly, I tooke so great a wound.
 As if the tree by which I leane, doth lend me no releefe.
 There is no helpe but downe I fall, so great is growne my griefe.
 And therefore at the last I crane, this sauour for to finde,
 When euery tree that here is told, begins to grow unkinde.
 The B. for beauty whom I boast, and shall aboute the rest,
 That B. may take me to her trust, for B. doth please me best.
 It likes me wel to walke the way, where B. doth keepe her bowler,
 And when it raines to B. I runne, to saue me from the sholwer.
 This bzanch of B. which here I meane to keepe and chiefly craue,
 At beek vnto this B. I bow, to serue that beauty bzau.
 What shal I say the time doth passe, the tale too tedious is,
 Though loath to leaue yet leaue I must, and say no more but this,
 I with this B. I might embrace, when as the same I see,
 A league for life then I require, betweene this B. and me.
 And though vnworthy, yet good will doth worke the way herein,
 And be hath brought the same about, which beauty did begin. Finis.

58. In commendation of Musicke.

(opprelle

VHere griping grief the hart wold wound, & doleful dūps y minde
 there musick with her siltier sound is wot with speed to glue re-
 Of troubled minds for euery soze, sweet musick hath a salue in store (dres
 In toy it makes our mirth abound, in grief it cheers our heavy spights
 The careful head releef hath found, by musicks pleasat sweet delights.
 Our senses al what should I say more: are subiect vnto musicks loze,
 The Gods by musick hath their pray, the fish, y fowl, therein doth toy,
 For as the Romaine Poets say, in seas whom Pirates would destroy
 A Delphin saued from death most sharpe, Arion playing on his Harp.
 O heavenly gift that turnes the mind, like as the stern doth rule y ship
 Oh musick who the gods assignd to comfort man who cares wold nip,
 Euh y both mā & beast dost moue, what wise mā the wil thes reproue

FINIS.

59. A

of Daintie deuises.

59 . A Dialogue betweene the Author and his eye
Author.

My Eye, why dost thou light on that which was not thine?
Why hast thou with thy sight thus laine an heart of mine?
O thou unhappy eye, would God thou hadst beene blind,
When first thou didst her spie, for whom this griefe I find.
Eye.

Why sir, it is not I that doo deserue such blame,
Your fancie, not your Eye, is causer of the same.
For I am ready prest, as Page that serues your ease,
To search what thing is best, that might your fancie please.
Author.

I sent thee sooth to see, but not so long to bide,
Though fancie went with thee, thou wert my fancies guide.
Thy message being done, thou mightst retorne againe,
So Cupid, Venus sonne, no whit my heart should paine.
Eye.

Where fancie beareth sway, there Cupid will behold,
And reason flies away from Cupids shaft of gold,
If you finde ease thereby, some deale of painefull smart,
Alas, blame not your eye, but blame consent of heart.
Author.

My heart must I excuse, and lay the fault on thee,
Because thy sight did chuse, when heart from thought was free:
Thy sight thus brought consent, consent hath bred my griefe,
And greefe bid mee content, with sorrow for releefe.

FINIS

W. Hunnis.

60. Finding no ioy he desireth death.

The Conny in his Cane, the Ferret doth annoy,
And flying thence his life to saue, him selfe doth hee destroy.
His burrough round about beset, with Hunters snarcs,
So that when he to scape starts out, is caught therein vnwares.
Like choise poore man haue I, to bide and rest in loue,
Or else from thence to flie, as bad a death to proue.
I see in loue no rest, unkindnes doth pursue,
To rent his heart out of his breast, which is a loue true.
And if from loue I start, as one that loue forsakes,
Then pursue thoughts my heart doth pierce, and so my life it takes.
Then thus to flie or bide, hard is the choise to chuse,

The Paradise.

Sith death hath campd & trencht each side, and safely, life now refuse.

Content I am therefore, my life therein to spend,
And death I take a salve for soze, my weary daies to end.
And thus I you require, that faithfull loue professse,
When carkeas caled in his chest, and body laid on hearse.
Pour bynnysh teares to saue, such as my course shall moue,
And therewith wyte vppon my grace, behold the force of loue.

FINIS.

W. Hunnis.

Hope well and haue well.

In hope the shipman boizeth saile, in hope of passage good,
In hope of health the sickest man, doth suffer losse of blood.
In hope the prisoner linkt in chaines, hopes liberty to finde.
Thus hope breeds health, & health breeds ease, to euery troubled mind.
In hope desire gets victorie, in hope great comfort springs,
In hope the Lower lines in ioyes, he feares no dreadfull things.
In hope we liue and may abide, such stormes as are assignde.
Thus hope breeds health, & health breeds ease, to euery troubled mind.
In hope we easily suffer harme, in hope of future time,
In hope of fruite, the paines seeme sweet, that to the tree doth cline.
Hope of loue such glory growes, as now by prose I finde,
That hope breeds health, & health breeds ease to euery troubled mind.

FINIS.

W. Hunnis.

He requesteth some friendly comfort, affirming his constancie.

The mountaines high, whose lofty tops doth meete the haughty sky
The craggy Roche, that to the sea free passage doth deny.
The aged Oake, that doth resist the force of blustering blast,
The pleasant hearbe, that euery where a fragrant smell doth cast.
The Lyons force whose courage stout declares a prince-like might,
The Eagle that of worthines, is bozne of kings in sight.
The Serpent eke whose popsoned talwes, doth belch out venome bile,
The loathsome toad that sunneth light, and lyeth in eyle.
These, these I say, and thousands moze by tract of time decay,
And like to time do quite consume, and vade from time to clay.
But my true heart and seruice bowd, shall last time out of mind,
And still remaine as thine by doome, as Cupid hath assignde.
My faith loe here I bow to thee, my troth thou knowest right well,
My goods, my friendes, my life is thine, what neede I moze to tell.
I am not mine but thine I bow, thy helles I will obey,
And serue thee as a seruant ought, in pleasing if I may.

And.

of Daintie deuises.

And sith I haue no flying wings, to see thee as I wish;
 He fittes to cut the silver streames, as doth the gliding fish.
 Therefore leaue now forgetfulness, and send againe to me,
 And straine thy Azured beines to write, that I may græting see.
 And thus farewell more deare to mee, then chiefeest friend I haue,
 Whose loue in heart I mind to shyn till death his see doth craue.

FINIS.

M. Edwards.

He complaineth his mishap.

Shall rigour raigne where ruth hath runne, shall fancie now forsake
 Shall fortune lose that saueur worne, shall not your anger sake?
 Shall hatefull heart be had in you, that friendly did pretend,
 Shall slipper thought and faith vntrue, that heart of yours defend:
 Shall nature shew your beautie faire, that gentle seemes to bee:
 Shall frowardnes your fancies heire, be of more force then shee?
 Shall now disdain the drange of death, direct and lead the way,
 Shall all the Imps vpon the earth, reioyce at my decay?
 Shall this the seruice of my youth, haue such reward at last?
 Shall I receaue rigour of truth, and be from saueur cast?
 Shall I therefore berent my haire with wights that wish to die,
 Or shall I bath my selfe with teares, to feede your sickle eye?
 No, no, I shall in paine lye still, with turtle Done most true:
 And bow my selfe to wit and will, their counsels to ensue:
 Good Ladies all that louers be, and that to bee pretend:
 Giue place to wit, and reason seeme, your enemies to defend.
 Least that you thinke as I haue thought, your selfe to strue in baln
 And so be in thzalome brought, with me to suffer paine,

FINIS.

W. Huonis.

No foe to a flatterer.

I Would it were not as I think, I wish it were not so:
 I am not blind although I wink, I seele what winds do blow.
 I know where craft with smiling cheare, creeps into boldned breaſt,
 I heare how fained speech speaks satire, where hatred is posselt.
 I see the serpent lye and larke vnder the græne allow,
 I see him watch a time to worke, his popsen to bestowe.
 In friendly looke such fraud is found, as faith for feare is fled,
 And friendship hath receiued such wound, as he is almost dead.

The Paradise

And hatefull hart with malice great, so boiles in cankred minde,
That flatterie flearing in the face, had almost made me blinde.
But now I see, all is not gold that glittereth in the eye,
For yet such friends as they professe, as now by prooofe I trye.
Though secret spight by craft, haue made a coate of Painters skin,
And thinkes to finde me in the shade, by sleights to wrap me in.
Yet God be praised, my eye is cleere, and can behold the Sunne,
When falshood dare not once appeare, to end that he begun.
Thus time shall trie the thing amisse, which God shall shortly send,
And turne the heart that faigned is, to be a faithfull friend.

FINIS.

W. Humis.

His comparison of loue.

The Spider with great skill, doth trauaile day by day,
His limbs no time lie still, to set his house in stay.
And when he hath it wrought, thinking therein to raigne,
A blast of wind buthought, doth driue it downe againe.
The prowe whereof is true, to make his worke endure,
He paines himselfe a new, in hope to dwell more sure.
And in some secret place, in corner of a wall,
He frameth himselfe a place, to build and rest withall.
His pleasure sweete to stay, when he to rest is bent,
An ugly Shamble fly, approacheth to his tent.
And there intends by force, his labours great to win,
Or else to yeeld his course, by fatall death therein.

Thus is the spiders nest from time to time throught down
And he to labour prest, with endlesse paine vnknowne.
So such as Louers bee, like trauaile do attaine:
Those endlesse workes ye see, are alwaies full of paine.

FINIS.

W. Hunnis

A Louers ioy.

I haue no ioy, but dreame of ioy and ioy to think on ioy,
A ioy I haue withstood to finish mine annoy.
I hate not without cause alas, yet lone I know not why:
I thought to hate, I cannot hate although that I should dye
A foe most sweete, a friend most sower I ioy for to embrace
I hate the wrog & not the wight, that workt my woful case,
What thing is it, I know not I, but yet a thing there is,
That

of Daintie deuises.

That in my fancie still perswades, there is no other blis,
The ioyes of life, the pangues of death, it makes me feele each day,
But life nor death this humour can, & will to weare a way,
Faine would I die, but yet in death no hope I see remaines,
And shall I liue, since life I see a course of sozry paines?
What is it then that I do seeke: what ioy would I aspire:
A thing that is diuine belike, too high for mans desire.

FINIS.

F. K.

Euill to him that euill thinketh.

The subtilly slyly sights, that worldly men doe worke,
The friendly shewes vnder whose shade, most craft both oft & lurk
Enforceth me alas, with yearnfull voyce to say,
Woe worth the wily heads, that seekes the simple mans decay.

The bird that breeds no guile, is soonest caught in snare,
Each gentle heart deuoid of craft, is soonest brought to care,
Good nature soonest trapt, which giues me cause to say,
Woe worth the wily heeds, that seekes the simple mans decay.

I see the serpent vile, that lurks vnder the greene,
How subtilly he shrouds himselfe, that he may not be seene.
And yet his fosters bane, his learing lookes bewray,
Woe worth the wily heads that seek the simple mans decay.

Woe worth the feyning lookes, on fauour that do waite,
Woe worth the fained friendly heart, that harbours deepe deceit.
Woe worth the Wipers brood, oh these woe worth I say,
All worldly wily heades, that seekes the simple mans decay.

FINIS.

M. Edwardes.

He assureth his constancie.

VVith painted speech I list not proue, my cunning for to try,
For yet will vse to fill my pen, with guilefull flatterie:
With pen in hand, and hart in breast, shall faithfull promise make,
To loue you best, and serue you most, for your good vertues sake.

And since dame Nature hath you deckt, with gifts aboue the rest,
Let not disaune a harbour finde, within your noble breast,
For Loue hath led his law alike, to men of each degree,
So shall the beggar with the Prince, she w loue as well as hee.

I am no prince I must confesse, nor yet of Princes line,
For yet a brutish beggar bozne, that seedes among the swine.
The fruite shall try the tree at last, the blossomes good or no,
Then do not iudge of me the worse, till you haue tried me so.

The Paradise

As I deserue, so then reward, I make you iudge of all,
If I be false in word or deede, let lightning thunder fall.
And furies fell with frantick fits, bereaue and stay my breath,
For an example to the rest, if I shall breake my faith.

FINIS.

W. Hunnis.

Complaining of his mishap to his friend, hee complaineth wittily

A. **T**he fire shall freeze, the frost shall fry the frozen mountains hye

B. **W**hat strange thing hath dame natures force, to turn her course

A. My loue hath me left and taken a new man, (alwaye)

B. This is not strange, it hapts oft times the truth to scan.

A. The more is my paine, B. her loue then refraine.

A. **W**ho thought shee would flit, B each one that hath wit.

A. Is not this strange? B. light loue will change.

A. By skillfull meanes I her reclaine, to stoupe vnto my lure,

B. Such haggard hawkes will soare away of them who can be sure?

A. **W**ith siluer bells and hode, my top was her to deck,

B. She was full gorgd, she would the sooner giue the check.

A. The more is my paine, B. her loue then refraine.

A. **W**ho thought shee would flit, B. each one that hath wit.

A. Is not this strange? B. light loue will change.

A. **H**ir chirping lips would chirpe to me, sweet words of her desire.

B. Such chirping birds who euer saw, to preach still on one byer.

A. She said she loued me best, and would do till shee die.

B. Shee said in words, she thought it not, as time doth trie.

A. The more is my paine, B. her loue then refraine.

A. **W**ho thought shee would flit, B each one that hath wit.

A. Is not this strange, B light loue will change.

A. Can no man win a woman so, to make her loue endure.

B. To make the fowe his wiles to leane, what man will put in bye.

A. **W**hy then there is no choice, but all women will change.

B. As men do vse, so some women do loue to range.

A. The more is my paine, B. her loue then refraine.

A. **W**ho thought shee would flit, B. each one that hath wit.

A. Is not this strange, B. light loue will change.

A. **S**ith slipper games falls to my lot, farewell that gliding pray.

B. **S**ith that the dice doth run alway, betimes leane off the play.

A. I will no more lament, the thing I may not haue.

B. When by exchange the losse to come, all shalt thou saue.

A. **L**oue will I refraine, B. thereby thou shalt gaine.

A. **W**ith

of Daintie deuises.

A. With losse I will leaue, B. she will thee deceaue.

A. That is not strange, B. then let her range.

FINIS.

M. Edwards.

No paines comparable to his attempt.

Like as the dolefull Dove, delights alone to bee,
And doth refuse the bloomed branch choosing the leafelesse tree.
Whereon waiping his chance, with bitter teares besprent,
Doth with his bil, his tender breast, oft pierce and all to rent.
Whose grievous gronings tho, whose gripes of pinching paine,
Whose gaspily looks, whose bloody streames outflowing from ech vein
Whose falling from the tree, whose painting on the ground,
Examples be of mine estate, though there appeare no wound.

FINIS.

W. Hunnis.

He repenteth his folly.

Alack when I looke backe, vpon my youth thats past,
And deeply ponder youths offence, and youths reward at last.
With sighs and teares I say, O God I not denie,
My youth with folly hath deserved, with folly for to die.
But yet if euer sinful man, might mercy moue to rith,
Good Lord with mercie doe forgive, the follies of my youth.
In youth I rancke the fieldes, where vices al did grow,
In youth alas I wanted grace, such vice to ouerthrow.
In youth what I thought sweete, most bitter now do finde,
Thus hath the follies of my youth, with folly keepe me blind.
Yet as the Eagle casts her bil, whereby her age reneweth,
So Lord with mercie doe forgive, the follies of my youth.

FINIS.

W. Hunnis.

No pleasure without some paine.

How can the tree but wast and wither away,
That hath not sometime comfort of the sun:
How can that flower but fade and soone decay.
That alwaies is with darke clouds over-rune.
Is this a life may death you may it call:
That feeles each paine, and knows no ioy at al
What foodelesse beast can live long in good plight?
Or is it life where senses there be none?

The Paradise.

O; what a vallet's eyes, without their sight,

O; els a tongue to him that is alone.

Is this a life? nay death you may it call:

That feel's each paine, & knowes no ioy at all

Uthereto serues cares, if that there be no sound,

No such a head where no deuile doth growe:

But all of plaintes, since sorrow is the ground,

Utherby the heart doth pine in deadly woe,

Is this a life? nay death ye may it call,

That feel's each paine and knowes no ioy at all,

FINIS.

L. Vaux.

The fruit of fained friends.

In choise of frends, what hap had I, to choise one of Sirens kind, (blind
whose harp, whose pipe, whose melody, could feed my ears & make me
U whose pleasat voice made me forget, that in sure trust is great de-
In trust I see is treason found, and man to man deceitfull is, (ceit
And whereas treasure doth abound, of flatterers there do not misse.

U whose painted speech and outward shew, do seem as friends & be not

Uld I haue thought in thee to be, the nature of the Crocodil, (so

U which if a man a sleep may see, with bloody thirst desires to kill, (sleep

And then with teares a while gan weepe, the death of him thus slaine a

Sable false, thou traytor boyn, what mischief more might thou aduise

Then thy deere friend to haue in scoone, & him to wound in sudry wise,

U which still a friend pretends to be, and art not so by proofe I see.

Fie, fie vpon such treacherie.

W. H.

If such false ships do haunt the shore,

Strike downe the saile and trust no more.

M. Edwards.

A Dialogue betweene a Gentleman and his Loue,

A Shall I no way win you, to graunt my desire?

B **U** what woman will graunt you the thing you re-

A You onely to loue me, is all that I craue, (quire.

B You onely to leaue me, is all I would haue.

A My deere alas now say not so,

B To loue you best I must say no.

A Yet will I not flit, **B** then play on the bit.

A I will, **B** do still. **A** yet kill not, **B** I will not.

A Make me your man, **B** bestow me than.

of daintie Deuises.

A. The swifter I folloiw, then you flie away,
 B. Swift halowes in their flying, oft times misse their pray
 A. Yet some killeth deadly, that flie to the marke,
 B. You shall touch no feather, therefore take no carke.
 A. Yet hope shall further my desire,
 B. You blow the coales and raise no fire.
 A. Yet will I not flit, B. Then play on the bit.
 A. I will. B. Doe still, A. yet kill not. B. I will not:
 A. Make me your man. B. beshew me than.

A. To loue is no danger, where true loue is meant:
 B. I will loue no ranger, lest that I repent.
 A. My loue is no ranger, I make God a bow,
 B. To trust your smooth sayings, I sure know not how.
 A. Most true I meane, as time well shall trie,
 B. No truth in men I oft espie.
 A. Yet wil I not flit, B. then play on the bit.
 A. I will: B. doe still. A. yet kill not. B. I will not.
 A. Make me your man. B. Beshew me than.

A. Some women may say nay, and meane loue most true:
 B. Some women can make fooles of as wise men as you.
 A. In time I shal catch you, I know when and where,
 B. I will soone dispatch you, you shall not come there.
 A. Some speedes at length, that oft haue mist,
 B. I am well arm'de, come when you list.
 A. Yet I will not flit. B. then play on the bit,
 A. I will. B. Doe still. A. yet kill not. B. I will not:
 A. Make me your man, B. Beshew me than.

A. Yet worke your kind kindly, grant me loue so; loue:
 B. I will vse you friendly, as I shal you proue.
 A. Most true you shall find me, I this do protest.
 B. Then sure thou shalt bind me, to grant thy request.
 A. A happy threede now haue I spun:
 B. You sing before the conquest winne.
 A. Why then will you swaue: B. Euen as you deserue.
 A. Loue still, B. I will, A. yet kill not, B. I will not.
 A. Make me your man. B. Come to me than.

Finis. M. Edwards.
 Exclai-

The Paradise

Exclaiming vpon his vnkind loue, his friend,
replieth wittily.

M. **W**hat death may be compared to loue?
H. What grēse therein now dost thou proue?
M. My paines alas who can expresse?
H. I see no cause of heauinesse.
M. My Ladies lookes my woe hath wrought,
H. Then blame thine eyes that first hath sought,
M. I burne alas, and blow the fire,
H. A foole consumes by his desire.
M. What shall I do than? H. Come out if thou can.
M. Alas I die. H. What remedie.

M. My sugred sweet is mixed with al:
H. Thy Lady cannot doe withall.
M. The more I seeke, the lesse I find,
H. Then strue not with the streame and wind.
M. Yet must I loue although I smart,
H. With thy owne sword thou slayest thy hart,
M. Such pleasant baites who can refraine,
H. Such baites will sure breede the great paine,
M. What shall I do than? H. Come out and thou can,
M. Alas I die, H. What remedie.

M. Her golden beames mine eyes did daze,
H. Upon the Sunne thou maifest not gaze.
M. Shee might reward my cruell smart,
H. She thinks thou hadst a sained hart,
M. She laughes to heare my wofull cries,
H. Forsake her then, in time be wise.
M. No, no, alas that may not be,
H. No wiseman then will pittie thee.
M. What shall I doe than? H. Come out and thou can,
M. Alas I die, H. What remedie.

M. A liuing death loe thus I proue,
H. Such are the fruites of froward loue.
M. O that I might her loue once gaine,
H. Thy gaine would not halfe quite thy paine.

M. Her

of Daintie Deuises

M. Her will I loue, though she be coy,
 H. A foole himselfe will still annoy.
 M. Who will not die for such a one?
 H. Be wise at length, let her alone.
 M. I cannot do so, H. Then be thine owne foe.
 M. Alas I die, H. What remedie.

FINIS.

E. S.

The complaint of a louer; wearing blacke & tawny.

A Crowne of bayes shall that man weare,
 That triumphes ouer me:

For blacke and tawnie will I weare,
 Which mourning colours be.

The more I follow on, the more she fled away,
 As Daphne did full long ago, Apollos wishfull pray:
 The more my plaints I do resound, the lesse she pitties me
 The more I sought, the lesse I found, that mine she meant

Melpomene alas, with dolefull tunes helpe than: (to be
 And sing bis, woe worth on me forsaken man.

Then Daphnes Bayes shall that man weare, that triumphes ouer me
 For blacke and tawnie will I weare, which mourning colours bee.)

Drowne me with trickling teares, you wailefull wights of woe,
 Come helpe these handes to rent my haire, my rusfull hap to shoue,
 Of whome the scorching flames of loue both seede you see,
 Ah a lalalantida my deere dame hath thus tormented me.

Wherefore you Muses nine, with dolefull tunes helpe than:
 And sing bis, woe worth on me forsaken man:

Then Daphnes Bayes shall that man weare, that triumphs ouer me,
 For blacke and tawnie will I weare, which mourning colours be.

An Ankers life to leade, with nailles to scratch my graue,
 Where earthly wormes on me shall seede, is all the ioyes I craue.
 And hide my selfe from shame, with that mine eyes do see,
 Ah, a lalalantida, my deare dame hath thus tormented me.

And all that present be, with dolefull tunes helpe than:
 And sing bis, woe worth on me forsaken man.

Finis

E.O

Finding no reliefe, he complaineth thus.

I In quest of beleeve, I find destresse:
 In recompence of loue, most deepe disdain:

I 2

wy

The Paradise

My languor such as wordes may not expresse,
 A shower of teares, my watric eye doth raine.
 I dreame of blisse, and do define of woe,
 I wander in the thoughts of my sweet foe:
 I would no peace, the cause of warre I lie,
 I hope, I feare, I burne, I chill in frost:
 I lie alow, yet mountes my mind on hie.
 Thus doubtfull stormes my troubled thoughts haue tost.
 And so, my paine, this pleasure do I proue.
 I hate my selfe, and pine in others loue.
 The world I graue, yet hold I nought at all:
 At liberty I seeme in prison pent:
 I tast the sweet more solwe then bitter gall,
 My ship seemes sound, and yet her ribs be rent.
 And out alas on fortune false I crie,
 Looke what I crane, that still she doth deny.
 Both life and death be equall vnto me,
 I do desire to die, yet craue I life,
 My wits with sundrie thoughtes do disagree:
 My selfe am with my selfe at mortall strife:
 As warmth of Sun doth melt the siluer snow,
 The heate of loue, behold consumes me so.
Finis, H. Hill.

Written vpon the death of his especiall good friend M. Iohn Bar-
 nabe, who departed this life at Bensted, in the County of South-
 hampton, the 25. of Ianuarie, 1579. AEtatis. 79.

Mine own good father thou art gone, thine eares are stopt w clay,
 Thy Ghost is fled, thy body dead, thou hearest not what I say:
 Thy dearest friends may sigh and sob, thy children crie and call:
 Thy wife may waile and not preuaile, nor doe thee good at all.
 Though reason would we should reioyce, and trickling teares restrain
 Yet kindnesse and friendlinesse, enforce vs to complaine.
 Thy life was good, our losse the more, thy presence cheerd our hart,
 Thy lacke and absence turne therefore, our solace into smart.
 I found thee both a kindly friend, and friendly father too,
 Bernabe lacks breath, O cruell death, and couldst thou part vs two:
 But death derides my wofull words, and to my sayinges saith,
 Tush foolish wight I did but right, I soyce, no friend nor saith.

The

of Daintie Deuises.

The Lord of life, and Lord of death, my threating hand did let,
 Else when that he in cradle lay, I might haue claime my debt.
 His corpes is clad with clods of earth, his soule doth soare on high,
 Before the throne of God aboue, whose seruant he did die:
 And thou his friend, and she his spouse, and they his children shal,
 Behold the father, friend and mate, whose absence grieues you all.
 But he noz can noz wil returne to thee, o2 her o2 them,
 For heauen is his, he liues in blisse, ye dwel with moztall men.
 yee dwell in darke and dreadfull denne, in prison pent are yee:
 He liues in light, and all delight, from thzaldome franke and free:
 Wish not that he should come to you, for then ye do him wrong,
 But wish that ye may goe to him, the blessed Saints among.

Finis.

H. D.

Coelum non solum,

If care o2 skill could conquere vaine desires:
 O2 reasons raines, my strong affection stay:
 Then should my sighes to quiet breast retire:
 And shun such sighes as secret thoughtes bewray.
 Uncomely loue, which now lurkes in my breast:
 Should cease my grieffe, though wisdoms power oprest
 But who can leane to looke on Venus face,
 O2 peelt eth not to Iunos high estate?
 What wit so wise, as giues not Pallas place?
 These vertues rare, each Gods did peeld a mate.
 Saue her alone, who yet on earth doth raigrie:
 Whose beauties string, no God can wel restraine.
 What worldly wight can hope for heauenly hire,
 When onely sighes must make his secret mone:
 A silent sute doth sild to grace aspire:
 My haples hap doth roole the restless stone:
 Yet Phebe faire disdaind the heauens aboue,
 To loy on earth her pooze Endimions loue.
 Rare is reward, where none can iustly craue,
 For chance is choice, where reason makes no claime,
 Yet lucke sometimes, despairing soules doth saue,
 A happy starre made Giges loy attaine,
 A slavish Smith of rude and rascal race,
 Found meanes in time, to gaine a Goddesse grace.

The Paradise

Then loſſie Loue thy ſacred ſailes aduance,
My ſighing Seas ſhall flow with ſtreames of teares:
Amidſt diſdaine dye ſozth thy dolefull chance,
A haliant mind no deadly danger feares:
Who loues aloft, and ſets his hart on hie,
Deſerues no paine though he doe pine and die.

FINIS

E.O

A louer reiected, complaineth.

The trickling teares that ſals along my cheekes,
The ſecret ſighes, that ſhowes my inward griefe:
The preſent paines perforce, that loue aye ſeekes:
Wids me renue my cares without reliefe.

In wofull ſong, in dole diſplay,
My penſiue hart ſoz to bewray.
Bewray thy griefe, thy wofull hart with ſpeede,
Reſigne thy voyce to her that cauſde thy woe:
With irkſome cries, bewaile thy late done deeſe,
For ſhe thou loueſt, is ſure thy moztal foe.

And helpe ſoz thee there is none ſure,
But ſtill in paine thou muſt endure.
The ſtricken Deare hath helpe to heale his wound,
The haggard Hawke with toyle is made full tame,
The ſtrongest tower, the Canon layes on ground,
The wiſeſt wit that euer had the ſame,

Was thral to loue by Cupids ſleightes:
Then weigh my cauſe with equal weightes.
She is my loy, ſhe is my care and woe,
She is my paine, ſhe is my eaſe therefore:
She is my death, ſhe is my life alſo,
She is my ſalue, ſhe is my wounded ſore.

In ſine ſhe hath the hand and knife,
That may both ſaue and end my life.
And ſhall I liue on earth to be her thral:
And ſhal I ſue and ſerue her al in baine:
And kiſſe the ſteps that ſhe let fall,
And ſhal I pray the Gods to keepe the paine,
From her that is ſo cruel ſkil:
No, no, on her worke al your wil.

And

of Daintie Deuises.

And let her feele the power of al your might,
And let her haue her most desire with speed,
And let her p̄ue a way both day and night,
And let her mone, and none lament her neede,
And let all those that shall her see,
Despise her state and pittie me.

FINIS.

L. O.

¶

Not attaining to his desire, he complaineth.

I Am not as I seeme to be, for when I smile I am not glad,
I thral, although you count me free, I most in mirth most p̄sue sad
I smile to shade my bitter spight, as Hanibal that saw in sight, (down.
His countrie soile, with Carthage towne, by Romaine force defaced
And Cesar that presented was with noble Pompeis princely heade.
As it were some iudge to rule the case, a flood of teares he seemd to shed.
Although indeed it spring of ioy, yet other thought it was annoy,
Thus contraries be vnde I find, of wisse to cloke the couert mind.

I Hanibal that smiles for griefe, and let you Cefars teares suffice,
The one that laughes at his mischiefe, the other all for ioy that cries,
I smile to see me scorned so, you weepe for ioy to see me woe:
And I in hart by loue staine dead, presents a place of Pompeis head.

O cruel hap and hard estate, that forceth me to loue my foe,
Accursed be so foule a fate, my choice for to p̄sire it so.
So long to fight with secret force, and find no secret salue therefore,
Some purge their paine by plaint I find, but I in vaine do breathe my
Finis. E. O. (winde.

A young Gentleman willing to trauell into forraine parts, being
entreated to stay in England, Who wrote as followeth.

V Who seeks the way to winne renowne,
O flyeth with wings of high desire:

Who seeks the way to winne renowne,

O hath the mind that would aspire,

Let him his native soile eschew:

Let him go range, and seeke a new.

Each haughty hart is well content,

With every chance that shall betide,

No hap can hinder his intent,

He steadfast stands though Fortune slide.

The

The Paradise

The Sunne sayeth he doth shine as wel,
Abroad as erst where I did dwell.
In change of streames each fish can live,
Each fowle content with euery aire:
The noble mindes each where can thrive,
And not be drownde in deepe dispaire.
Wherefore I iudge all lands alike,
To haughty harts that fortune seeke.
To tolle the seas some thinkes a toile,
Some thinke it strange abroad to come:
Some thinke it grieve to leaue their soile,
Their parents, kinsfolks and their home.
Think so who list I like it not:
I must abroad to trie my lot.
Who list at home at cart to drudge:
And carke and care for worldly trash,
With buckled shoe let him goe trudge:
In stead of launce, a whip to swash:
A mind that's base himselfe will show,
A carrion sweet to feede the crow:
If Iason of that mind had beene,
Drownding Prince that came from Grece,
The golden fleece had beene to winne
And Priams Troy had been in blisse.
Though dead in deedes, and clad in clay,
Their worthysame will nere decay:
The Worthies nine that were of might:
By trauell wonne immortall praise:
If they had liued like Carpet knightes,
Consuming idely all their daies,
Their praises had been with them dead,
Where now abroad their fame is spread:
Finis.

No ioy comparable to a quiet mind.
If loathsome race pursued by slippery life,
Whose sugred guile, with glittering toy present:
The careful Ghost oppressed soe with strife:
yeeldes gastly groanes from paineful passions sent:

The

of Daintie Deuises

The sinnefull flesh that beares him here in view.
In stead of life doth dreadfull death pursue.

The way he seeth by touch of merites grace,
Wherein to runne alas he gladly would,
But filthy flesh his wretched dwelling place,
Doth so rebell, at that which doe he should,
That sillie soule, who feedes his beaue neede,
Can onely will, but not perfozme in deed.

Thy will thzough grace doth oft desire the good,
But all in vaine, for that the fleshlie foe,
Pecldes forth such frutes as sinnes hath bred in bud,
And blindly suckes the sap of deadly woe.
Esteeming shewes of fickle fancies knowne,
And scozning fruit by grace, eternall sowne.

Thoughe eye doth see, that death doth swallow all,
Both life and lust and euery sound delight:
Yet wretched flesh thzough sinne is made so thzall,
That nought it markes apparant thinges in sight:
That might him traine to care of better grace,
Both doth him bale, with greedye lust embrace.

Then sinne desert and all thinges weare away,
That nought remaine but fruit of grace or sinne:
God build in vs such conscience as can say,
This fruit not mine, but sinne that dwell in me:
For why to sinne, I dailie die in sight:
That vnto Christ I may reuiue my sight.

Finis.

quod Candish.

That loue is requited by disdaine.

In search of thinges that secret are, my mated muse began.
What it might be, molested most the head and mind of man.
The bending brow of Princes face to wrath that doth attend,
Or want of parents, wife or child, or losse of faithfull friend.
The roaring of the Canon shot, that makes the peece to shake,
Or terror such as mighty Ioue from heauen aboue can make.
All these in fine may not compare experience so doth proue,
Vnto the torments sharpe and strange, of such as be in loue.

Loue lookes aloft and laughes to scozne, all such as grieve annoy,
The moze extreame their passions be, the greater is his toy,

A.

Thus

The Paradise

Thus loue as victor of the field, triumphes aboue the rest:
 And toyrs to see his subiects lie, with liuing death in brest:
 But dire disdain lets driue a shaft, and gaulcs this bragging foole,
 He pluckes his plumes, vnbindes his bow: and sets him new to schoole.
 Whereby this boy that bragged late, as conquerour ouer all:
 Now yeeldes himselfe vnto disdain, his vassal and his thrall.

Finis,

W. Hunnis.

Of a contented estate.

If wealth we see some wealthie mē, aboud in wealth most wealthily:
 In welth we see those men again, in welth do liue most wretchedly.
 And yet of wealth hauing moze stoze,
 Then earst of wealth they had befoze. (haue
 These welthy men do seeme to want, they seeme to want y most they
 The moze possesse, the moze they craue, y moze they craue, the greater
 The most they haue, they thinke but scant, (stoze:
 Yet not content woe be theresoze. (tent
 The simple mē that lesse wealth haue, with lesser wealth we see con-
 Content are they twirt welth and scath, a life to leade indifferent.
 And thus of wealth these men had moze,
 Then those of which we spoke befoze.

FINIS.

W. Hunnis,

Being disdained he complaineth.

If friendlesse faith, if guiltlesse thought may shield,
 If simple truth that neuer meant to swaue,
 If deere desire accepted fruit do yeld,
 If greedy lust, in loyall life doe serue,
 Then may my plaint, be waile my heauie harme,
 That seeking calme haue stumbled on the storme,
 My wonted cheare eclipsed by the cloud,
 Of deepe disdain, throught herroz of reposit:
 If wearie we enwapped in the shrowde:
 Lies slaine by tongue, of the vnfriendly sort,
 Yet heauen and earth, and all that nature wrought,
 I call to bolw of my vnspotted thought.
 No shade I seeke, in part to shield my taint,
 But simple truth, I hunt no other sute:
 On that I gape, the issue of my plaint.

of Daintie Deuises

If that I qualle, let suffice me console,
 If that my place amongst the guiltlesse sozt,
 Repay by doome my name and good report.
 Goe heauie verſe, purſued deſired grace,
 Where pittie ſhinde in cell of ſecret breaſt:
 It waites my haſte, the rightfull lot to place,
 And loathes to ſee the guiltles man oppreſt,
 Whoſe vertues great, hath crownd her moze with fame,
 Then kingly ſtate, thought largely ſhine the ſame.

Finis,

L. Vaux.

Of the meane eſtate.

The higher that the Cedar tree, vnto the heauens do grow,
 The moze in danger is the top, when ſturdy winds gan blow.
 A Iudges then in princely throne, to be deuolde of hate,
 Doth yet not know what heapes of ill, lies hid in ſuch eſtate:
 Such dangers great, ſuch gripes of mind, ſuch toile do they ſuſtaine,
 That oftentimes of God they wiſh, to be vnkingsde againe.
 For as the huge and mighty rockes, withſtand the raging ſeaſ.
 So kingdomes in ſubiection be, whereas dame fortune pleaſe.
 Of brittle toy, of ſmiling cheare, of honey mixt with gall,
 Alotted is to euery prince, in freedom to be thral.
 What watches long, what ſlaepes vnſure, what grieſe and care of mind
 What bitter boyles: what endleſſe toiles to kingdomes be aſſigne:
 The ſubiect then may well compare, with Prince for pleaſant daies
 Whoſe ſilent nights brings quiet reſt, whoſe ſteps no ſtozm be waies.
 How much we be then bound to God, who ſuch prouiſion makes,
 To lay our cares vpon the Prince, thus doth he for our ſakes.
 To him therefore let vs liſt by our harts, and pray amaine:
 That euery Prince that he hath plac'd, may long in quiet raigne.

Finis.

Of a contented mind.

When all is done and ſaid, the end thus ſhall you find:
 The moſt of all do bath in bliſſe, that hath a quiet mind:
 And cleare from woꝝldly cares, to deeme can be content:
 The ſweeteſt time of al this life, in thinking to be ſpent.
 The body ſubiect is to ſickle Fortunes power,
 And to a million of miſhaps, is caſual euery hower.

The Paradise

And death in time doth change it to a clod of clay,
When as the mind which is diuine, runnes neuer to decay.

Companion none is like vnto the mind alone,
For many haue been harm'd by speech through thinking sew or none,
Few oftentimes restraineth words, but makes no thoughtes to cease,
And he speake best that hath the skill, when for to hold his peace.
Our wealth leaues vs at death, our kinsmen at the graue,
But vertues of the mind vnto the heauens with vs we haue.
Therefore for vertues sake, I can be well content,
The sweetest time of all my life, to deeme in thinking spent.

Finis,

L. Vaux.

Trie before you trust.

TO counsaile mine estate, abandonde to the spoile:
Of forged friendes, whose grossest fraud, is set with finest soyle.
To verifie true dealing wightes, whose trust no treason treads:
And all too deare the acquaintance be, of such most harmefull beades.
I am aduised thus, who so doth friend, friend so:
As though to morrow next he searde, for to become a foe.

To haue a fained friend, no perill like I find,
Of flearing face may man tell best, a mischief in the mind.
A paire of Angels eares oft times, doth hide a Serpentes hart.
Under whose gripes who so doth come, to late bewailes the smart.
Wherefore I do aduise, who so doth friend, friend so,
As though to morrow next he searde, for to become a foe.

Refuse respecting friendes, that courtly know to faine:
For gold that wins, for gold shall loose the selfe same friend againe.
The Quail needes neuer feare, the Fowlers nets to fall,
If he would neuer bend his eare, to listen to his call,
Therefore trust not too soone, but when you friend friend so,
As though to morrow next you searde, for to become a foe.

Finis.

L. Vaux.

He renounceth all the effects of loue.

LIke as the Hart that listeth vp his eares,
To heare the houndes, that hath him in the chace:
Doth cast the wind in dangers and in seares:
With flying foote to passe away apace.

So must I flie of loue the vaine pursue:
Whercof the gaine is lesse then the fruite.

And

of Daintie Deuises.

And I also must loath those learing lookes,
Where loue doth lurke still with his subtle sleight:
With painted mockes, and inward hidden hookes
To trappe by trust, that lieth not in waite.
The end whereof assay it who so shall,
Is sugred smart, and inward bitter gall.

And I must flie those Sirian songs,
Wherewith that Circes Vlisses did enchant,
These wille wattes, I meane with filed tongues,
That harts of Steele haue power to daunt.
Who so as Hauke that scoopeth to their call,
For most desert receiveth least of all.

But woe to me that first beheld those eyes,
The trappe wherein I say that I was tane,
And outward salue, which inward me destroyes,
Whereto I run as Rat vnto her bane.
As to the fish sometime it doth befall,
That with the baite doth swallow hooke and all.

Within my breast wherewith I dayly seede,
The paine repast of amorous hote desire:
With loitering lust so long that hath me fed,
Will he hath brought me to the flaming fire:
In time as Phoenix ends her care and carkes
I make the fire, and burne my selfe with sparkes.

Finis. L. Vaux,

Bethinking himselfe of his end, writeth thus.

Vhen I behold the beare my last & posking horse,
That beare shal to the grave, my vile & carren coarse:
Then I say silly wretch, why dost thou put thy trust
In things that are made of clay, and soone will turn to dust:
Dost thou not see the young, the hardie and the faire,
That now are past and gone, as though they neuer were?
Dost thou not see thy selfe draw howe selfe to thy last?
As that is the which are shot at birdes that flyeth fast:
Dost thou not see how death doth strike through with his Lance,
Some by war, some by plague, & some by worldly chance:
What thing is there on earth, for pleasure that was made:
But goeth more swift away, then doth the summer shade?

The Paradise

Loe here the Sommer flower, that sprung this other day;
But winter withereth as fast, and bloweth cleane away.
Euen so shalt thou consume, from youth to loathsome age,
For death he doth not spare, the Prince more then the Page.

Thy house shall be of clay, a clot vnder thy head:
Untill the latter day, the graue shall be thy bed.
Untill the blowing trumpe doth say, to all and some:
Rise vp out of the graue, for now the iudge is come.

FINIS. L. Vaux.

Beeing in loue hee complaineth.

Espost by loue and feare to please and not offend:
Within the words you would me write, a message I must send.

A wofullerr & sure a wretched man must write,
A wretched tale a wofull head, besetmeth to endite.

But what can be but wale, that hath but all he would;
And yet that all it nought at all, but lacke of all he should.
But lacke of all his mind, what can be greater grieve:
Than haue and lacke that likes him best, must needs be most mischiefe.

Now soke, what makes thee waille, this some might say full wel,
Thou hast no harme but of thy selfe, as thou thy selfe canst tell.
To whome I aunswere thus, since all my harmes do grow,
Vpon my selfe, so of my selfe, some hap may come I trow.

And since I see, both hap and harme betides to mee:
For present woe my after blisse, will make me not forget thee.
Who hath a field of gold, and may not come therein:
Spitt line in hope, till he haue force his treasure well to winne.

Whose ioyes by hope of dread, to conquer or to lose:
So great a wealth doth rise, and for example doth disclose:
To winne the golden fleece, stode Iason not in dread.
Till Medeas hope of health, did glue him hope to speede.

Pet sure his minde was much, and yet his feare the more:
That hath no hap but by your helpe, my hap for to restore.
The raging Bulles he dread: yet by his Ladies charme,
He knew it might be brought to passe, they could do little harme.

Unto whose grace yeld he, as I do offer mee
Into your bands to hap, not like him for to be.
But as King Priamus did yeld him to the wil
Of Cressed Iasse, which him forsooke with Diomed to spil.

of Daintie Deuises.

So I to you commend my faith, and eke my ioy,
I hope you wil not be so false, as Cressed was to Troy:
For if I be vnttrue, her Lazars death I wish,
And eke in thee if thou be false, her clapper and her dish.

Finis.

R.L.

Being in trouble, he writeth thus.

In terrors trap with thraldomes thrust,
Their throny thoughtes to tast and trie:
In conscience cleare from cause vnjust,
With carping teares did call and crie,
And said O God, yet thou art he,
That can and wil deliuer me.

Bis

Thus trembling there with teares I trod,
To totter tide in truthes defence:
With sighes and sobs, I said O God,
Let right not haue this recompence.
Lest that my foes might laugh to see,
That thou wouldst not deliuer me.

Bis.

My soule then to repentance ranne,
My ragged clothes all rent and torne:
And did bewaile the losse it warne,
With loathsome life, so long forlorne,
And said O God, yet thou art he,
That can and wil deliuer me:

Bis.

Then comfort came with clothes of ioy,
Whose seames were faithfull stedfastnes:
And did bedecke the naked boy,
That earst was ful of wretchednes,
And said be glad, for God is he,
That shortly will deliuer thee.

Finis.

W. Hunnis.

Being troubled in minde, writeth as followeth.

The bitter sweat that straines my peeled hart,
The carelesse count that doth the same embrace:
The doubtfull hope to reape my due desert:
The pensive path that guides my restless race,
Are at such warre within my wounded brest:
As doth bercaue my ioy, and eke my rest.

The Paradise

My greedy will that seekes the golden gaine,
My lucklesse lot doth alway take in worth,
My matchd minde, that dreades my lates in vaine,
My pittious plaint doth helpe to set it forth,
So that betweene two waues of raging seas,
I drine my daies in troubles and disease.

My wofull eyes do take their chiefe delight,
To feede their fill vpon the pleasant maze,
My hidden harmes that grow in me by sight:
With pining pains to drine me from the gaze,
And to my hope I reape no other hire,
But burne my selfe, and I do blow the fire.

Finis. I. Haywood.

Looke or you leape.

If thou in surety safe will sit,
If thou delight at rest to dwell,
Spend no more words then shall seeme fit,
Let tongue in silence talke expell,
In all thinges that thou seest men bent,
See all, say nought, hold thee content.

In worldly workers degrees are three
Markers, doers and lookers on:
The lookers on haue liberty,
Both the others to iudge vpon,
Wherefore in all as men are bent,
See all: say nought, hold thee content.

The markers oft are in fault found,
The doers doubt of praise or shame:
The lookers on find surest ground,
They haue the fruit yet free from blame
This doth perswade in all here ment,
See all: say nought, hold thee content.

The Proverbe is not south and west,
Which hath been said long time ago:
Of little mending cometh great rest.

The

of Daintie Deuises.

The busse man neuer wanted woe,
The best way is in all woordes sent,
See all, say nought, hold thee content.

Finis. I. Haywood.

A description of the world.

What is the world: a net to snare the soule,
A masse of sinne, a desert of deceit:
A moments ioy, an age of wretched dole:
A lure from grace, for flesh a loathsome baite.
Unto the mind a canker, worme of care,
Unsure, but lust in rendring man his share.

A place where pride oze runs the honest mind,
Where rich men loyns to rob the shiftlesse wretch:
Where bribing mistis do blind the Judges eyne:
Where Parasites the fattest crummes do catch:
Where good deserts which challenge like reward,
Are ouer-blowne with blastes of light regard.

And what is man: dust, sinne, a puffe of winde,
Concei'd in sin plac'de in the world with grieve:
Brought vpe with care, till care hath caught his mind,
And then till death vouchsafe him some reliefe,
Day yea noz night his care doth take an end:
To gather goods for other men to spend.

O foolish man that art in office plac'd,
Thinke whence thou camest, and whether thou shalt goe,
The haughtie oakes small windes haue ouercast,
When slender weedes in roughest weather grow.
Euen so pale death oft spares the wretched wight:
And woundeth you, who wallow in delight.

Pou lustie youthes that nourish high desire,
Abate your plumes which make you looke so bigge:
The Coliers cut, the courtiers steed will tire,
Euen so the Clarke the Parsons graue doth dig,
Whose hap so is, yet here long life to wiue:
Doth heape God wot, but sorow vpon sinne.

L

And

The Paradise

And to be short, all sortes of men take heed,
The thunder bolts, the loftie towers teare:
The lightning flash, consumes the house of reede,
Pea more, in time all earthlie thinges will weare,
Saue on ly man, who as his earthly time is
Shall live in woe or else in endlesse blisse.

Finis.

G. Gaske.

A witty and pleasant conceite.

V What sonde delight: what fancies strange,
What deepe despiht: what suddaine chage?
What stilling grieke: what deepe debates,
Doe runne so rife in doltish pates?

Who biewes and sees, and takes no heed,
Who seekes beggers and cannot speed,
In stead of ioyes shall reape such woes,
As breed annoyes t wixt friends and foes.

Who wishing wants and liues alone,
When thyring scants is ouertholone,
Who kekes to thyrue, and findes no way,
May chance to strue and marre the play.

Who spends his wealth, and winnes the wine,
Doth hurt himselfe and helpe the swine:
Who hauntes the house where ale is sold,
May gaine a crust, and lose his gold.

Who spinnes by spight, and reeles by woe,
Who takes delight in rolling so:
Doth bubbe himseife a drouisie head,
And bynges a drouisie foole to bed.

Who rides aloft, and cannot rule,
Who sits not soft, and keepes his stoole,
Doth both content themselues with wryong,
But wise man will not vse it long.

FINIS.

I. H.

The

of Daintie Deuises.

The complaint of a sinner, and sung by the Earle of Essex
vpon his death-bed in Ireland.

O heauenly God, O father care, cast downe thy tender eye
Upon a wretch that prostrate here, before thy face doth lie:
O poure thy precious oyle of grace into my wounded hart,
O let the drops of mercy swage, the rigour of my smart.

My fainting soule suppressed sore with carefull clogge of sinne,
In humble sort submits it selfe, thy mercy for to winne:
Grant mercy then O Saviour sweet, to me most wofull thrall,
Whose mournfull crye to thee O Lord, doth still for mercy call.

Thy blessed will I haue despisoe vpon a stubborne minde,
And to the sway of worldly thinges, my selfe I haue encinde:
Forgetting heauen & heauenly powers, where God & Saints do dwell.
My life had like to tread the path, that leades the way to hell.

But now my Lord my Loadstarre bright, I will no more do so,
To thinke vpon my former life, my hart doth melt for wo:
Alas I sigh, alas I sobbe, alas I do repent,
That euer my licentious will, so wickedly was bent.

With thus therefore with carefull plaint, I do thy mercy craue,
O Lord for thy great mercys sake, let me thy mercy haue:
Restore to life the wretched soule, that else is like to die:
So shall my voice vnto thy name, sing praise eternally,

Now blessed be the Father first, and blessed be the Sonne,
And blessed be the holy Ghost, by whome all thinges are done:
Blesse me O blessed Trinitie, with thine eternall grace,
That after death my soule may haue, in heauen a dwelling place.

Finis.

The fruit that springes from wilfull wits, is ruth and ruines rage,
And sure what headlesse youth commits, repentance rues in age.
I Rage in restlesse youth, and ruine rule my dayes,
I rule (late) my restlesse youth, by rules of reasons waies,
I raine so long a race, in search of surest way:

L. 2

That

The Paradise

That leysure leaue me tread, the trace that leades to leysure decay.
 I gaue so large a raine, to vnrestrained blis,
 That now with pzoofe of after paine, I waille my want of wis.
 I trifled sozth the time, with trust to selfe conceites,
 Whilst plenties vse prickt sozth my time, to seeke for sugred baites.
 Wherein once leaund to find, I found so swéete a taste,
 That due sozefight of after speed, selfe will esteemed waste.
 Which will thzough wilfulnes, hath wzought my witlesse fall,
 And heedelesse yonths vnskilfulnesse, hath lapt my life in thzal.
 Whereby by pzoofe I know, that pleasure breedeth paine,
 And he that euill seed doth sow, euill fruit must reape againe.
 Let such therfoze whose youth, and yurles are in prime
 Forsee and shun the helpelesse ruth, which sues mispent of time.
 For want is next to waste, and shame doth sinne ensue,
 Euill speeding pzoofe hath needelesse haste, my selfe hath pzoude it true.
 When neighbors next house burnes, tis time thereof take heede,
 For Fortunes wheele hath choice of turnes, which change of chances
 My saile hath béene aloft, though now I beare but low. (breede.
 Who climes so high, seeld falleth soft, deadst ebbe hath highest flow.
FINIS. quod Yloope.

Maister Edwardes his I may not.

In May by kind Dame nature willes, all earthly wightes to sing,
 In May the new and coopled sooles may ioy the liuely spring:
 In May the Nightingale her notes doth warble on the spray,
 In May the birdes their mossie nests, do timber as they may,
 In May the swift and turning Hart, her bagged belly flakes,
 In May the little sucking Mattes, do play with tender flaxe:
 All creatures may in May be glad, no May can me remoue,
 I sorow in May, since I may not, in May obtaine my loue.

The Statelie Hart in May, doth muc his old and palmed beames,
 His state renews in May, he leapes to view Apollos streames.
 In May the Bucke his horned toppes doth hang vpon the pale,
 In May he seekes the pastures greene, in ranging ouer the dale.
 In May the vglie speckled snake, doth cast her loathsome skinne,
 In May the better that he may increase the scale skinn:
 All thinges in May I see, they may reioice like Turtle Done,
 I sorow in May, since I may not, in May obtaine my loue.

Now

of daintie Deuises.

How may I mourne in fruitfull Day, who may or can redresse,
 My Day is sorrow, since she that may, withholdes my Day a fr esth.
 Thus must I play in pleasant Day, till I may Day at will,
 With her in Day, whose Day my life, now may both saue and spill.
 Contented harts that haue your hope, in Day you may at large,
 Unfold your iopes, expel your cares, and maske in pleasures barge.
 Saue I alone in Day, that may lament for my behoue,
 I mourne in Day, til that I may, in Day obtaine my loue.

FINIS.

The complaint of a sorrowfull soule.

O Soueraigne salue of sinne, why dost thy soule behold:
 That seeks her self from tangling faults, by striving to unfold,
 What plea shall I put in, when thou dost summons send,
 To iudge the people of the earth, and giue the world an end.
 When euery deed and word, yea euery secret thought,
 In open view of all the world, shal vnto light be brought.

So many iudges shall against me sentence giue,
 As by example of good works, hath taught how I should liue.
 So many pleaders shall confound my carefull case,
 As haue in one by sound aduise, sought to engraft by grace.
 So many shall that time, against me witnes beare,
 As haue beheld my fruitlesse faith, and saw my sinnes appeare.

Whereon whiles I do muse, in my amazed mind,
 Froward thoughtes, familiar foes, most fierce assaults I find,
 My conscience to my face, doth flatlie me accuse,
 My secret thoughtes within my eares, did whisper stil these newes,
 Mine auarice and bziberie, my pride doth brag me downe,
 Mine enmie frets me like a file, at other folkes renowne.

Concupiscence inflames, and lusts my lims infect,
 My meate doth bur then, and my drinke my weakenes doth defect:
 My slaunders rend my fame, ambition doth supplant,
 My greedinesse is not content, but makes me waille for want.
 My mirth but flatterie is, my sorowes are unkind,
 Sith pleasures runne me out of breath, and griefes suppress my mind.

The Paradise!

Behold my God whose might may me a free man make,
 These were my friends, whose counsels curst, I was content to take,
 These were the lawlesse Lords, whom I did serue allway,
 These were the masters whose madhests I did too much obey:
 Behold my faults most foule, which folly first did frame:
 In louing them I should haue loathed, whence breedeth all my bane.
 Now see I looke aloft, with bashfull blushing face,
 On glopy thine, that so I may discern my owne disgrace.
 My many spots and great, must needs encrease my guilt,
 Unless thou wash them in thy blood, that for my sake was spilt.
 Forgiue the faults O Lord, which I from heart repent,
 And graunt my dayes to come, may be in thy sweet service spent.
Finis. I. Haywood.

Alluding his state to the prodigall child.

The wandring youth whose race so rashly runne,
 Hath left behind to his eternall shame:
 The thistlelike title of the prodigall sonne:
 To quench remembrance of his other name,
 May now binde the burthen of his blame.
 With me whom wretched thoughts entised still,
 To tread the tract of his vnicke will.

He took his childe's part at his fathers hands,
 Of Gods free grace his gifts I did receiue:
 He travelled far in many forraine lands:
 My restlesse mind would neuer ranging leaue.
 False queanes did him of all his coine bereaue,
 Fond fancies stult my baine with such abuse,
 That no good hap could seeke to any vse.

They drave him out when all his pence was spent,
 My lusts left me, when strength with age was weake.
 He was full faine a farmers hogs to tend,
 My life misled, did reape deserued scooke,
 Through hunger huge, where with his stripes were toke.
 He wisht for swads, euen so wisht I most vaine,
 Infrutlesse pleasure fondly to remaine,

Now

of daintie Deuises.

Now to come home with him and pardon pray,
My God I say against the heauens and thee
I am not worthy that my lips should say
Behold thy handy worke and pittie me.
Of mercy yet my soule from faults set free.
To serue thee heere till thou appoint the time,
Through Christ, vnto thy blessed ioyes to cline.

FINIS.

I. Haywood.

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